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ADEIMANTUS.

The dream of Adeimantus,
 Who carved for a Grecian Prince
 Statues of perfect marble
 Fairer than all things since,
 Wonderful, white and gracious,
 Like lotus flowers on a mere,
 Or phantoms born of the moonbeam—
 Beyond all praise but a tear.
 The dream of Adeimantus,
 As he lay upon his bed,
 Wonderful white and gracious,
 And this was the word it said:
 "Arise, oh Adeimantus,
 The breath of the dawn blows chill,
 The stars begin to fade
 'Ere the first ray strikes the sill.
 Arise, oh Adeimantus,
 For here is work to your hand,
 If the fingers fashion the dream
 As the soul can understand."
 He rose from his troubled bed
 'Ere the dream had faded away,
 And he said "I will fashion the dream
 As the potter fashions the clay."
 He said in his great heart's vanity
 "I will fashion a wondrous thing
 To stand in a palace of onyx
 And blind the eyes of a king."
 He said in the pride of his soul
 As the birds began to sing,
 "I will surely take no rest
 Till I fashion this wondrous thing.
 I will swear an oath to eschew
 The white wine and the red,
 To eat no delicate meats
 Nor break the fair white bread,
 I will not walk in the city,
 But labor here alone
 In the dew and the dusk and the flush
 Till the vision smiles from the
 stone."
 Six days he wrought at the marble
 But cunning had left his hand,
 And his fingers would not fashion
 What his soul could understand,
 Six days he fasted and travailed,
 Hard was the watch to keep,
 Till the chisel fell from his fingers
 And he sank with a sob to sleep.
 Then a vision came to his slumber
 Beautiful as before,
 Floating in with the moonbeam
 Gliding over the floor.
 It floated in with the moonbeam
 And stood beside his bed,
 Wonderful white and gracious,
 And this was the word it said:

"Courage, oh Adeimantus,
 I am the perfect thing
 To stand in a shrine of jasper
 And blind the eyes of a king.
 I am the strange desire,
 The glory beyond the dream,
 The passion above the song,
 The spirit-light of the gleam.
 I come to my best beloved
 Not actual, from afar,
 Fairer than hope or thought,
 More beautiful than a star.
 Courage, oh Adeimantus,
 Lay strength and strength to your
 soul,
 You shall fashion me in part,
 And know the perfect whole."
Alfred Browning Stanley Tennyson.
The Contemporary Review.

THOUGHTS

ON RE-VISITING A CENTRE OF COM-
 MERCE WHERE A VAST CATHEDRAL
 CHURCH IS BEING ERRECTED.
 City of merchants, lords of trade and
 gold,
 Traffickers great as they that bought
 and sold
 When ships of Tarshish came to Tyre
 of old;
 City of festering streets by Misery
 trod,
 Where half-fed, half-clad children
 swarm unshod,
 While thou dost rear thy splendid fane
 to God;
 O rich in fruits and grains and oils
 and ores,
 And all things that the feastful Earth
 outpours,
 Yet lacking leechcraft for thy leprous
 sores!
 Heal thee betimes, and cleanse thee,
 lest in ire
 He whom thou mock'st with pomp of
 arch and spire
 Come on thee sleeping, with a scythe
 of fire.
 Let nave and transept rest awhile; but
 when
 Thou hast done His work who lived
 and died for men,
 Then build His temple on high—not,
 not till then.

William Watson.

The Nation.

THE PRESENT POSITION OF DARWINISM.

The general public are being told to-day that Darwinism is played out; that, as a means of explaining the origin of *species* and the general development of the organic world, it is entirely superseded by newer and more scientific views. Of course the public, ever ready to accept new things in science, believes these statements, which are put forward with so much confidence and, apparently, on such good authority; while the theologians are especially glad to seize upon this new weapon against what they have long considered to be their most formidable enemy.

As an example of this latter phase of opinion, we have the work of Dr. Rudolf Otto, Professor of Theology in the University of Göttingen, said to be in the front rank of the literature to which it belongs. According to a reviewer of this book in the *Inquirer* (of April 6th, 1907), the author, after a fair statement of the Darwinian theory, goes on to say: "The modern prevailing view in contrast is that these chance individual variations play but a minor part in the production of new species. New species spring from old species by a disturbance of general vital equilibrium, from which a new state results immediately. . . . The struggle for existence is an unfavorable, not an advantageous factor, since it operates to prevent new developments, and the new arises, not where the struggle is severe, but where it is weak. The theory of the building up of sporadic variations is thus giving place to the theory of the development of inherent organic tendencies and characters, which are neither produced by nor dependent upon environment, but often assert themselves against it." This is the reviewer's summary, and he then gives us Dr. Otto's conclusion, as being that Darwinism is "an unsuccessful hypothesis."

To turn from a German theologian to an English pressman, we find in the *Sheffield Daily Independent* of July 3rd a lengthy article on the Darwinian Jubilee of the Linnean Society, the larger portion of which consists of "Objections," among which we find such statements as the following: "The comparatively recent science of 'Heredity' has raised insuperable objections to the Darwinian assumption regarding the alleged transmission of variations"; and then, after explaining the phenomena of "Mendelism," he asks: "Where does natural selection come in then? Nobody knows exactly where, . . . but the whole question of the origin of species is as much a mystery to-day as when Sir John Herschell called it 'the mystery of mysteries.'" I may state in passing that the first of the above statements is simply untrue, since the "transmission" of the variations on which Darwinism rests is not an assumption, but a universally admitted fact.

Such statements as these have been going the round of the Press for the last few years, and there is probably no newspaper or magazine reader in the country who has not met with several of the same character, many of which are even more impressive, because they quote the names of British and Continental biologists, some of them professors in universities or colleges, as authorities for some of the statements made. Such readers are naturally impressed with the apparent weight of these criticisms; and as they are quite unable to detect the misstatements or the misinterpretation of facts, and are quite unaware of the ever-growing mass of evidence and of the more weighty scientific opinion on the other side, even well-educated people are acquiring very erroneous ideas on this subject. I therefore propose

now to give a short outline sketch of the theories which are claimed to be, in whole or in part, a substitute for Darwin's explanation of organic evolution by means of Natural Selection. They are commonly known as those of the Neo-Lamarckists, the Mutationists, and the Mendellians.

The great French zoologist, Lamarck, was the first who, a century ago, proposed any detailed scientific theory of the origin of the various species of organisms by a natural process of modification; but his views were never widely adopted by naturalists, because it was clear that they would not account for all the facts, especially those of adaptation to the infinitely varied conditions of existence. This theory was, briefly, that every organ or part used in satisfying a creature's wants was increased in strength or size, or otherwise modified by use and effort, that the modifications thus produced were transmitted to their offspring, and thus led in the course of time to the production of the diverse forms we see everywhere in nature. In the case of plants, it was more especially, the direct influence of the environment, heat or cold, calms or storms, a moist or dry atmosphere, a rocky or an alluvial soil, that caused the modifications of form and structure, the transmission of which in time produced new species. The author tells us that otters, beavers, water-fowl, frogs and turtles were not made web-footed in order that they might swim; but, their wants having attracted them to the water in search of food, they stretched out the toes of their feet to strike the water and more rapidly move along its surface; and thus, in course of time, the broad membranes that now connect their toes were produced.

But it was soon observed by zoologists that many of the characters of animals could not possibly have been produced by use or disuse. How, for

instance, could hair or wool be so produced, how could hair change into the prickles of the hedgehog, the erectile spines of the porcupine, the nose-horn of the rhinoceros? How could the hard wing-covers of beetles be modified in a thousand ways into polished or rugged surfaces, often with knobs or even spines so closely resembling those of the bark on which they rest as to serve obviously for concealment? How could any possible *use* of the wing-coverts of the peacock, the wings of the Argus-pheasant, or the scull-cap of the crown-pigeon or the umbrella-bird produce the wonderful developments of feathers, quite useless for either flight or covering, which we find in those birds? And, as a final example, how could the infinitely varied colors and patterns which we see upon the wings of butterflies or the feathers of birds have been possibly caused by the mere *use* of those organs; yet these colors are now known, in a vast number of cases, probably in all, to serve purposes of concealment, of warning, or of recognition, which are of real, often of supreme utility, but which could not possibly have been caused or even fixed in each species by any conceivable *direct* action, either of the organism itself or of its environment.

In the case of plants, the botanist found that the direct action of the causes adduced by Lamarck could not possibly have produced the infinite variety of structural diversities in leaf, in flower, and especially in fruit, that are everywhere to be met with.

Yet though Lamarckism had been dropped as inadequate for more than half a century, at a later period, after Darwin had shown how every difficulty it presented was obviated by his own theory of natural selection, the discarded view was revived, largely by the influence of the palaeontologist Cope in America. This was, in part, due to the circumstance that one of

Lamarck's fundamental assumptions—the inheritance of whatever changes were produced in the individual either by the use of its own organs or by the direct agency of the environment—was believed to be true, and was actually accepted by Darwin, though he always maintained that it had very little or no effect in producing modification of species. Cope supported Lamarckism for nearly a quarter of a century, and in his last work, "The Primary Factors of Organic Evolution," published in 1896, he tells us that "the stimuli of chemical and physical forces, and also molar motion, or use or its absence, are abundantly sufficient to produce variations of all kinds in organic beings." But as he deals solely with extinct animals, and carefully avoids any attempt to account for the phenomena of living things already referred to, the accuracy of the above statement can hardly be admitted.

It is a remarkable thing that so many American biologists had more or less adopted Cope's theory, to the extent at least of minimizing the influence of natural selection, while none of them seem to have recognized the very small portion of the phenomena it can possibly be made to explain. But since Cope's death in 1897 a decided change of opinion has taken place, and some very valuable experiments and observations, showing the universal action of natural selection, have been carried out.

Perhaps the most important are those recorded in the fine volume by Mr. William Lawrence Tower, giving the results of many years' experiment and observation on the habits, increase and distribution of several species of *Leptinotarsa*, a Chrysomelid genus of beetles. Among his results we find it stated that "there exists at present not one single fact to show the inheritance of acquired somatic variations or their incorporation in the germ-plasm."

This is a strong additional proof that the fundamental assumption of the Lamarckian theory—that such characters are inherited—is untrue; while the fact that not one satisfactory case of such inheritance has ever been proved, notwithstanding all the allegations of the Lamarckians, renders a theory based on such foundation absolutely untenable.

Mr. Tower's conclusion is thus stated: "I am, therefore, of the opinion that the evolution of the genus *Leptinotarsa*, and of animals in general, has been continuous and direct, developing new species in migrating races by direct response to the conditions of existence. In this evolution natural selection has acted to determine the persistence of new variations."

When we further consider that in every one of the numerous cases in which the Lamarckian theory wholly fails to account for the facts, that of Darwin fully explains them, and usually in their minutest details, we shall not be surprised that every close observer who makes himself acquainted with these facts by direct observation becomes absolutely certain of the complete breakdown of the former theory as elucidating the origin of species.

We have next to consider the more modern theory of Mutation, founded in 1901 by Hugo de Vries, of Amsterdam, in his work, entitled "Die Mutations Theorie." This consists of two large volumes devoted to the elaborate study of the various forms of a species of evening primrose (*Enothera Lamarckiana*), which has run wild in Holland, as the common species *O. biennis* has in England and elsewhere. By growing this plant from seed in large quantities for several years, a few individuals were found of such different appearance in foliage, mode of growth, size, &c., as to appear like distinct species. These are termed "mutations," and are

said to come as true from seed as the parent plant usually does. De Vries, therefore, maintains that they *are* new species which he has actually seen produced; and from this experiment with a single species of plant, he comes to the tremendous conclusion that it is in this way that new species are produced, *per saltum*, not by the slower process of variation and selection as maintained by Darwin. Yet all his efforts to find a wild European plant behaving in the same way have been so far in vain.

It must be remembered that the genus *Oenothera* is almost peculiar to America, and is altogether absent from Europe and temperate Asia. Moreover, the plant named *O. Lamarckiana* is totally unknown in America (or anywhere else) in a wild state, and is said to have originated in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris; it is, therefore, thought to be a hybrid between two or more species cultivated there, and it is known that hybrids and mongrels not unfrequently produce new and eccentric forms. There is, therefore, no proof whatever that in a state of nature such mutations are produced, except, perhaps, very rarely; while the assumption that they have been, and are, produced so frequently as to constitute the mode by which *all* existing species have come into existence is a most illogical conclusion to draw from the phenomena presented by *one* species of plant of totally unknown parentage!

To show what claims are made for the theory thus founded, I will refer to a recent article by Prof. A. A. W. Hubrecht, in the *Popular Science Monthly*. He maintains that De Vries' work proves that in nature new species never arise through fluctuating variability, but are exclusively due to "mutations." He tells us that, forty years after Darwin, "the birth of a new species *has actually been observed by him*"—

referring only to the abnormal "sports" of the *Oenothera* of unknown parentage, as already described. He declares that "as long as the mutation has not appeared there can be no origin of a new species; the species is constant, and only subject to fluctuating variability, which never leads to the formation of a species." He concludes with the statement that De Vries "has been the first to show us the sharp distinction that exists between chance variation and fluctuating variation, and to prove that it is not the latter, but the former, that calls forth in Nature the origin of species." These positive assertions as to what has occurred throughout the whole realm of organic nature in the whole course of its development rest wholly on experiments with one plant, although those experiments are rendered comparatively valueless owing to its not being itself a known wild species, but probably a hybrid. Was there ever such a mountain of theory reared upon such an almost infinitesimal basis of fact!

Let us now see what a few biologists of eminence, think of these amazing claims. There is probably no greater living authority on the subject of the variations among wild and cultivated plants than Sir W. T. Thistleton Dyer, the late Director of Kew Gardens, and at the end of a careful discussion of this subject last year in *Nature*, he concludes with the following weighty remarks: "That mutations inevitably appear sooner or later under cultural conditions is not an assumption but a fact. If, as Mr. Lock seems to argue, there is an equal chance of their *occurrence* in either case, then their *appearance* should be more frequent in nature than in cultivation, because the former has a larger population to work with. But it is not so. I therefore conclude with Darwin that cultivation introduces some provocative condition which is

lacking (or latent) in nature." In a previous letter he had shown that such mutations are unable to hold their own in nature, and are thus constitutionally unfitted to become new species. And this is just what we should expect. For these large accidental variations or sports, occurring rarely, would have enormous chances against their being in exact adaptation to the whole inorganic and organic environment at the time and in the place where they happen to appear. They would thus necessarily die out.

Turning to the animal world, Mr. Power found several examples of natural "mutants" during his long investigation of the genus *Leptinotarsa*, and he studied them in the same complete way as all other variations. His conclusion is "that all inheritable variations behave alike, and in no case is there any evidence of a fundamental difference between 'mutants' and any other heritable variations. . . . There is then no necessary incongruity between gradual small variation and rapid large variation in the origin of species, but the two are the extremes of the same process."

This entirely cuts away the basis of the mutation theory. For as the fluctuating variations are enormously frequent and in every direction, while mutations are admittedly very rare, and in only one or very few directions in each case, it is clear that the former present materials for adaptation to changed conditions which the latter do not afford.

But perhaps the most complete proof of the absolute incompetence of the mutation theory is that adduced by Professor E. B. Poulton in the Introduction to his volume of *Essays on Evolution*, just published. This is afforded by the innumerable examples of Protective Resemblance and Mimicry, which form such a striking feature of the insects of every part of the world, but espe-

cially of the tropics. In many cases these resemblances in outward form, and especially in the exact patterns and colors of the wings of butterflies and moths, which are very different in structure, and often belong to widely separated groups—moths sometimes resembling butterflies, at other times wasps—are so accurate to the smallest detail that, as he remarks, it is as impossible that they can be produced by sudden mutation as that a piece of iron could be struck blindfold with a chisel and hammer so as to produce a key that would open an elaborate safety lock.

Only those who have seen these marvellous copies in nature or who have carefully studied them in collections or by means of colored illustrations, can properly appreciate the force of this argument, but it may perhaps serve to show how wonderfully minute they are to state that even the late Professor Westwood had for some months in his cabinet a heteromerous beetle and one of the *Cicinelidæ* placed side by side as specimens of one species; while almost every collector in the tropics has occasionally captured and brought home as specimens of the same species, butterflies which, when closely examined, proved to belong not only to different genera, but often to distinct families.

In the Hope Museum, at Oxford, Professor Poulton has now got together an extensive collection, so arranged as to show these strange phenomena in their wonderful complexity and abundance. To any one sufficiently interested in the problems here discussed it would be worth a journey to Oxford to see and carefully examine this unique collection under Professor Poulton's guidance. It would, I believe, completely set at rest any doubts he may have had as to the relative values of the Mutationist and the Darwinian theories in furnishing an adequate explanation

of the specific modifications of plants and animals.

We now come to the third modern theory that is so generally supposed to have replaced Darwinism in the opinion of the majority of Evolutionists, and which is known as Mendelism. For the information of the general reader, it may be well here to state, as briefly and simply as possible, what Mendelism is.

J. G. Mendel, the son of well-to-do Silesian peasants, became a priest in 1847, studied physics and natural science at Vienna in 1851-53, then returned to his monastery at Brunn, of which he afterwards became Abbot. For many years he carried on systematic experiments on hybridization in the monastery garden, and discovered a new law relating to certain crossed plants, now known as "Mendel's Law," an account of which he published (in two papers) in the *Proceedings of the Natural History Society of Brunn*, in 1866, where they remained buried till attention was called to them by several Continental botanists in 1900.

His chief experiments were with common garden peas, which, as most people know, are now usually classed in two distinct forms or varieties, those whose ripe seeds are yellow and those in which they are bluish-green. The former comprise the split-peas of grocers and many of the older and hardier sorts of garden peas, while the latter are known as marrow-fat peas, from their superior eating qualities. There are, however, many other distinctive characters, both in seed, in pod, in foliage, stature, &c. Each of these varieties, as is well known, when sown comes true to name.

But when two different varieties were crossed, Mendel found that in each case the hybrids were of one kind only. In the case of yellow and blue peas, for instance, the hybrids were all yellow. Hence in this pair he termed

the yellow the "dominant" or (as Darwin would have termed it) the "prepotent" form. But the special discovery of Mendel was that when these yellow peas, the produce of the first cross, were grown by themselves, instead of producing all yellow peas, the result was both kinds in the proportion, approximately, of three yellow to one green, both colors occurring in the same pod. Then, in the third generation, another surprise occurred, for the "greens" bred true for several successive generations; but the yellows produced only one yellow which continued to breed true, while the other two broke up into yellows and greens in the same proportions as before. The final result of a large number of generations is found to be that yellows and greens, each breeding true, occur in equal proportions; whence it follows that what are termed "dominant" characters are not permanently so, but constitute a purely temporary feature which, after a large number of generations, has only a minute numerical superiority. The ultimate result of the Mendelian law seems to be a *tendency to perpetuate certain pairs of characters without intermixture*.

This fixity of character may at first sight be supposed to favor the evolution of a new species, as strongly urged by many of the Mendelians, but this will entirely depend on what is the nature of these characters. It is clear that if they are in the slightest degree, and in any way, injurious, they will interfere with adaptation, and therefore by the constant effect of natural selection will rapidly die out. Professor J. A. Thomson tells us that Mendelian phenomena have been observed in peas, mice, rabbits, poultry, snails, and several other plants and animals. But in every case one of the parents at least is either a sport which has occurred under domestication or a doubtful natural variety or "mutation." One of

the mice is an albino; of the rabbits, albino or long-haired; of the poultry, a breed with abnormal combs; of the cattle, hornless, &c.; while of two European nettles (*Urtica pilulifera* and *U. Dodartii*) the latter is an almost entire leaved form, apparently of unknown origin, and not admitted as a species either by Hooker or Nyman.¹

It is evident that we have here to do with abnormal forms that rarely or never occur in nature as permanent self-sustaining species. The curious phenomena that present themselves when these are crossed with allied forms either domesticated or natural, though they may be of considerable interest as furnishing materials for the study of the theory of heredity, have absolutely nothing whatever to do with the origin or modification of species.

It must not be forgotten also that the results of Mendelian experiments are not constant, some observers obtaining different results with the same or very similar forms, of which Prof. Thomson gives many examples; and much ingenious reasoning is devoted to explaining (or explaining away) these diverse results.

Neither is the whole conception quite so novel as usually stated, since most of the facts were known to Darwin. He states that so long ago as 1729 it was observed that blue and white peas planted near each other mutually crossed, and in the Autumn peas of both colors were found in one pod, while none were of an intermediate color. Wiegmann, Gärtner, and the Rev. J. M. Berkeley all repeated this experiment, and found the fact to be correct. ("Animals and Plants under Domestication," vol. I., p. 397.) The fundamental fact of Mendelism, that

¹The clearest exposition of Mendel's law and of the green theory elaborated to explain it, well illustrated by diagrams and tabular formulæ, is to be found in Prof. J. A. Thomson's recent work on "Heredity." A good explanation of the Mendelian germ theory is also given in Prof. E. B. Poulton's "Essays on Evolution," already referred to.

certain characters in a few special cases do not blend when crossed, was not only well known to Darwin, but carefully discussed by him. He has an interesting section headed: *On certain characters not blending*, which begins thus: "When two breeds are crossed their characters usually become intimately fused together; but some characters refuse to blend, and are transmitted in an unmodified state, either from both parents or from one. When gray and white mice are paired the young are not piebald nor of an intermediate tint, but are pure white or of the ordinary gray color: so it is when white and common turtledoves are paired. In game fowls, a great authority, Mr. J. Douglas, remarks: 'I may here state a strange fact: that if you cross a black with a white game, you get birds of both breeds of the clearest color.' Sir R. Heron crossed during many years white, black, brown and fawn-colored Angora rabbits, and never once got these colors mingled in the same animal, but often all four colors in the same litter. Additional cases could be given, but this form of inheritance is very far from being universal even with respect to the most distinct colors. When turnspit dogs and Ancon sheep, both of which have dwarfed limbs, are crossed with common breeds, the offspring are not intermediate in structure, but take after either parent. When tailless or hornless animals are crossed with perfect individuals it frequently, but by no means invariably, happens that the offspring are either perfectly furnished with these organs or are quite destitute of them." He then gives cases of partially intermediate forms when Dorking fowls, hairless dogs, or solid-hoofed pigs are crossed with normal types.

He then discusses similar phenomena in plants in which still more curious facts had been observed. Major

Trevor Clarke crossed a small glabrous-leaved annual stock, with pollen of a large, red-flowered, rough-leaved biennial stock, the seeds of which produced half glabrous and half rough-leaved forms, but none intermediate:

In the succeeding generations raised from rough-leaved crossed seedlings some glabrous plants appeared, showing that the glabrous character, though incapable of blending with or modifying the rough leaves, was all the time latent in this family of plants. The numerous plants, formerly referred to, which I raised from reciprocal crosses between the peloric and common *Antirrhinum*, offer a nearly parallel case; for in the first generation all the plants resembled the common form, and in the next generation, out of one hundred and thirty-seven plants, two alone were in an intermediate condition, the others perfectly resembling either the peloric or the common form.

In these last two cases we have the Mendelian law clearly brought out that the product of a first cross, presenting the characters of one of the parents only, produced seeds which, in the next generation, gave plants with the characters of the two original forms. If, therefore, Mendel had never made his experiments, or had never published them, here was the sufficient basis for what is now known as Mendelism, published by Darwin in 1868, and remaining practically unnoticed by the host of workers, some of whom declare Mendel's paper to be "the most important contribution of its size ever made to biological science."

The reason why Darwin did not prosecute the research further, so as to detect the numerical law of successive generations, is sufficiently shown in his closing remarks on the subject. In the first place, he was quite satisfied, from the large mass of facts he had accumulated during more than twenty years of research, that hybridization or the intercrossing of very distinct forms

had no place whatever in the natural process of species-formation. This is intimated by his concluding remarks to this section, which I will now quote:

It is remarkable, as has been strongly insisted on by Isidore Geoffroy St. Hilaire in regard to animals, that the transmission of characters without fusion occurs most rarely when species are crossed; I know of one exception alone, namely, with the hybrids naturally produced between the common and hooded crow (*Corvus corone* and *C. cornix*), which, however, are closely allied species differing in nothing except color.² Nor have I met with any well-ascertained cases of transmission of this kind, even when one form is strongly prepotent over another, when two races are crossed which have been slowly formed by man's selection, and therefore resemble to a certain extent natural species. All the characters above enumerated, which are transmitted in a perfect state to some of the offspring and not to others—such as distinct colors, nakedness of skin, smoothness of leaves, absence of horns or tail, additional toes, pelorism, dwarfed structure, &c.—have all been known to appear suddenly in individual animals and plants. From this fact, and from the several *slightly aggregated differences* which distinguish domestic races and species from each other *not being liable to this peculiar form of transmission*, we may conclude that it is in some way connected with the sudden appearance of the characters in question. ("Animals and Plants," vol. II. pp. 92—95.)

It appears to me that in the three pages from which I have quoted, Darwin has given us a better idea of the real nature and bearing of Mendelian inheritance, as regards any possible influence on the problem of the origin of species, than any amount of study of the complex diagrams and tabular statements which the Mendelians are

²The late Prof. A. Newton considers them to be one species. He says that the offspring of the crosses *sometimes combine the characters of both parents, so that Darwin's "one exception" does not exist.*

for ever putting before us with great flourish of trumpets and reiterated assertions of their importance.

As playing any essential part in the scheme of organic development, the phenomena seem to me to be of the very slightest importance. They arise out of what are essentially abnormalities, whether called varieties, "mutations," or sports. These abnormalities are very rare in a state of nature, as compared with the ever-present individual variability ample in amount and affecting every part and organ which furnishes the material both for man's and for nature's selection. The very fixity of these abnormalities, and the small number of the characters affected by them, as well as their rarity, all show them to be the refuse material of nature's workshop, as proved by the fact that *none of them ever maintain themselves in a state of nature*. It seems to me that the most probable interpretation of the phenomena is, that both the fixity and the rarity of such characters are beneficial to the species in which they appear, because it renders their extinction under natural conditions more certain and more rapid, thus preventing the injurious effects that might result from their competing with the normal form while undergoing slow adaptive modification, or from checking that adaptation by the continued production of less adapted forms through intercrossing. It is, I think, clear that any species which gave birth to a large number of such abnormal and unchangeable individuals would be so hampered by them whenever adaptive modification became necessary that the whole species might be in danger of extinction. Hence, among allied species, those which gave rise to fewest of such abnormal forms would be best adapted to become the parents of new species, whenever the need for adaptation to new conditions arose.

But the absolute denial of any part in the process of organic evolution for these abnormal outcasts of nature does not imply that their study may not have a certain value for a comprehension of the mysterious phenomena of inheritance. The study of disease in all its strange forms, together with that of the numerous deformities to which the human body is subject, may in many cases have thrown light on obscure physiological processes and upon the conditions essential to health; but we should hardly claim them as being essential to the processes of a healthy and normal growth.

To any one who has devoted a considerable portion of his life to the study of nature, both in field and in cabinet, both at home and in distant regions, the vast complex of phenomena presented by the organic world, with its endless specific forms, their myriad relations and adaptations, the laws of their development in the past and their distribution in the present, is almost overwhelming in its grandeur and its beauty. Almost all such loving students of nature have found in the theory of Darwin, in his many stimulating works and in those of his friends and followers, the only intelligible clue to the mighty labyrinth of nature. To such students of nature the claims of the Mutationists and the Mendelians, as made by many of their ill-informed supporters, are ludicrous in their exaggeration and total misapprehension of the problem they profess to have solved. To set upon a pinnacle this mere side-issue of biological research, as if it comprised within itself all the phenomena and problems presented by the organic cosmos, is calculated to bring ridicule upon what, in its place, may be an interesting and perhaps useful line of study. To myself these monstrous claims suggest a comparison with those of the perhaps equally enthusiastic and equally ill-informed ad-

mirers of the immortal Pickwick, who believed his "Speculations on the Source of the Hampstead ponds with some Observations on the Theory of Tittlebats," to have been a most important contribution to the science of that period.

In conclusion, I would suggest to those of my readers who are interested in the great questions associated with the name of Darwin, but who have not had the means of studying the facts either in the field or the library, that in order to obtain some real comprehension of the issue involved in the controversy now going on, they should read at least one book on each side. The first I would recommend is a volume by Mr. R. H. Lock, on "Variation, Heredity, and Evolution" (1906), as the

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only recent English work giving an account of the whole subject from the point of view of the Mendellans and Mutationists. When they have mastered this, I ask them to read my own book on "Darwinism" (1901), which, though published before Mendelism became prominent, gives some idea, in popular language, of the vast range of subjects which the Darwinian theory explains, and adduces a sufficient body of facts to show the inadequacy of any other explanation of the whole series of phenomena yet made public.

Having read these two works, and again considered the arguments adduced in this article, I leave them to form their conclusions as to whether Darwinism is or is not "an unsuccessful hypothesis."

Alfred R. Wallace.

COURT AND CROWD AT EXETER HALL.

From artistic St. John's Wood in the north to the now equally æsthetic Chelsea at the other end, the changes wrought during little more than a single generation in social topography remind one that the vicissitudes of sites may be as full of contrasts and surprises as the proverbial fates of books. The reclamation of Oakley Street to the cultured decorum of old China and Chippendale furniture constitutes a set-off to the secularization of the area once occupied by Whitefield's Tabernacle and the impending metamorphosis of Exeter Hall into the Strand Hotel. Dimly recollected, or to-day quite forgotten, are the historic incidents and personal episodes crowding that section of the Strand which, in the last century, formed the single London locality best known by hundreds of sightseers from the provinces. Connection with the Court, quite as much as with the Church, imparts a certain

unity to the various chapters in the history of this precinct. Edward II. took for his Lord Treasurer the then Bishop of Exeter, Walter Stapleton; he conferred upon his London residence, covering what is now Essex Street, the name of his western see. By degrees the dwelling enlarged itself, till it annexed the spaces afterwards to be known as Exeter Street and Burleigh Street. During the Tudor period, the episcopal residence, still in perfect repair, was granted by Queen Elizabeth to the great Lord Burleigh, William Cecil; from him it passed to his son Thomas Earl of Exeter. Later in the Elizabethan epoch, as afterwards in Stuart days, Exeter House practically became a kind of appendage to St. James's Palace. Styled indifferently Burleigh, Cecil, and Exeter House it was made ready for the Spanish Infanta on her visit, intended but never paid, to London as the bride-elect

of the future Charles I. in 1613. Having thus narrowly escaped conversion into a palace guest-house, the building next actually became a ducal residence, and with her Grace of Richmond for its mistress, the devotional resort of Charles I.'s Henrietta Maria.

The Queen and her ladies must have some rendezvous for meeting, for showing their beauties and braveries. What spot, asked Bishop Godwin, so suitable as Exeter House Chapel? This Court connection was soon to be rudely shocked. On Christmas Day, 1657, John Evelyn, the diarist, went with his wife to service at Exeter Chapel, then enjoying the same fashionable vogue as belongs to the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, in our own day. Just as the second service was about to begin, a troop of soldiers surrounded the place, and took the congregation prisoners. Eventually the worshippers were allowed to complete their Communion. After a reprimand for observing the superstitious time of the Nativity, Evelyn and his companions were allowed by the Cromwellian Colonels, Whaley and Goff, to go home.

The God-fearing, Pope-hating, philanthropic peer of the Victorian age was not the first of his line who had personal associations with the Exeter Hall neighborhood. During the second half of the seventeenth century at Exeter House lived Anthony Ashley Cooper, the first Earl of Shaftesbury; here (1671) was born the third peer, the free-thinking author of the *Characteristics*. No other bearer of the title linked his name and personality with this particular section of the Strand till the seventh peer, the "good" Lord Shaftesbury of our own time. To the popular eye he more than any other individual, personified the genius of the building which he had seen rise on the birthplace of his Deistic and latitudinarian predecessor. Of a work which might have pleased

that ancestor, *Ecce Homo*, on May 15th, 1866, at a pastoral aid meeting in Exeter Hall, the seventh Shaftesbury said it was the most pestilential book ever vomited from the jaws of hell.

In the progressive evolution from a private residence to the place of public entertainment, proposed by its latest owners, a parallel suggests itself between the historic structure or site in the Strand and a place of very different character and traditions at the centre of West End gaiety and fashion. The London mansion of the Exeter bishops in Tudor days, from being, as I have said, exclusively an episcopal dwelling, became first a modish or devotional resort of the most select kind. Next a kind of Mecca for evangelical country cousins, it is now to enter on a new and entirely secular phase of its existence. By a somewhat analogous process, the houses from 50 to 53 St. James's Street were, during the early 'forties, open only to a few highly-placed acquaintances, by special invitation of their owner, William Crockford. The development into Crockford's Club was an incidental though necessary result of popularity and good management. The Gambling Committee of the House of Commons proved fatal to the club, and covered its site with a public dining-place, the Wellington, which lasted into the 'sixties.¹ When I first knew the Wellington there had descended to it from the Crockford era an anecdote which, not being, so far as I know, a chestnut, I may be forgiven for interpolating here. Crockford's was generally remarkable for the honesty of its play; but on one occasion Louis Napoleon, a most regular *habitué* there during his London exile, suspected the methods by which he had lost between £2,000 and £3,000 at a sitting. He took an opportunity of cas-

¹ After the Wellington period the building reverted to its club use, becoming first the Argus, after that the Verulam Club. To-day, of course, it is the Devonshire Club.

ually bringing the subject before the proprietor. The next time he entered the place Crockford put into his hands the full amount of his losings.

As Palmerston could not save Crockford's from sharing the fate of meaner hells and disappearing in the House of Commons' raid on all haunts of play, Exeter House also received its death-blow by Act of Parliament and went down with Stuart kingship in 1688. Among those who accompanied, or soon after followed, William of Orange and Queen Mary to England was a certain Dr. Barbon; established in London, patronized by the Court, he soon grew into the most fashionable physician and most successful speculator in bricks and mortar of the day. His best known piece of work was the erection of Exeter Change. This almost faced the Savoy, and spread from 352 Strand to Burleigh Street. Combining some characteristics of both the Lowther and Burlington Arcades, Exeter Change remained one of London's sights for nearly a century and a half, from the coming of William and Mary to just before the accession of William IV. "That little crowded nest of shops and wild beasts," is Leigh Hunt's description of Exeter Change as he knew it; for by that time the roofs in the Change sheltered not only dealers for the most part in decorative wares, but the menagerie of Cross. Cross's wild beast show came in just as the lions in the Tower were preparing to go out. The two exhibitions were the only substitutes then known for a Zoological Garden. The insubordination of Cross's historic elephant, Chunee—presaging as that quadruped did the Jumbo of our own times—preceded his own violent death and the entire disestablishment of Exeter Change.

The central situation desiderated by Drummond and other wealthy patrons of evangelicism thus became available for an edifice in which could be

held the meetings whose only rendezvous had hitherto been a tavern parlor. There were, of course, Willis's Rooms and Freemason's Hall. Both were beyond the means of the organizations for good works that were homeless till Exeter Hall reared its head. Till the dissolution of the managing committee of exclusive ladies in 1863, Willis's practically remained the monopoly of Almack's. The Royal Society rejoiced in the favor of that eminent savant, Charles II.; it really grew out of private gatherings of learned men in Wadham College, Oxford. From the days of "the Mermaid" to those of Buttons and "the Cock," or the "Cheshire Cheese," literature has always had its convivial centres at taverns. Till the nineteenth century science knew no other social organization than private hospitalities like those of Falkland at Great Tew. As with philosophy, so with politics and philanthropy. To this day the Anchor and Dolphin dinners during mid-November at Bristol are reminders that constitutional monarchy had come to maturity before Tories and Whigs had any other places for privately arranging their machinery than the houses of call of commerce. During the pre-Exeter hall period, the one great assemblage of national importance was held in the June of 1824, at Freemasons' Tavern. Lords Brougham and Liverpool, Sir James Macintosh, Sir Robert Peel, Sir Humphrey Davy, Huskisson, and William Wilberforce combined to advocate a national monument in Westminster Abbey to George Watt, the inventor of the steam engine. But places of this sort were practically reserved for the stars of politics, science, literature, and that upon practically rare occasions. When a little later in the period of the Freemason's Hall conference just mentioned, the public interest in foreign refugees generally and in the native champions of Hellenic liberties

pervaded all classes of the British public, the good work organized itself entirely at Lady Blessington's Gore House and a few other private drawing-rooms. The newspaper press was still in its infancy. Social reformers could find no other resort for their deliberations than inn coffee-rooms. The growing taste for public meetings could thus be gratified only by a few of those who desired to indulge it. A heavy tax was imposed upon the subscriptions of the charitable by the habit of eating and drinking "for the good of the house."

"Brooks of Sheffield" in *David Copperfield* does not suggest any serious allusions to real life. The name was, however, suggested to Dickens by the patronymic of the man who first clearly thought out and began to carry into effect the long-awaited-for institution. An unsectarian building for religious and scientific societies to discuss their ideas and ventilate their programme—this was the idea for whose practical promotion Brooks in 1822 soon obtained substantial money support and promises. The difficulty indeed was less to raise funds than to find a suitable site. After an interval of five or six years, the project was revived by the enterprising chairman of the Middlesex magistrates, a Captain Pownall. A committee now came into existence; fifty shares were actually issued with the express provision that the dividends paid should never exceed five per cent., so that the new building might be let upon the cheapest terms. The foundation-stone of the contemplated structure was not yet laid; even the ground had to be acquired. But before the site itself was free, the idiosyncrasies of its promoters determined in advance and for ever the character and associations of Exeter Hall. It was not till 1833 that the last vestige of Exeter Change had disappeared. But in 1824 the prospective

creators of Exeter Hall had formed their committee at Freemasons' Tavern. A little later in the same year this body had its initial sitting at the house of Sir G. H. Rose. This was the son of Pitt's friend and Secretary of the Treasury, "old George Rose." Sir G. H. Rose's son, Sir Hugh Rose, is to-day best known as Lord Strathnairn, who succeeded Sir Colin Campbell as Indian Commander-in-Chief, and who died in Paris, 1885. The almost daily visitor of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe while writing his *Why I am a Christian* at Tunbridge Wells, Lord Strathnairn shared the great Elcho's evangelical convictions. The two friends took part in many of the gatherings at that Exeter Hall whose birthplace had been the dining-room of Lord Strathnairn's father.

Another early Exeter Hall name rich in Georgian associations of politics and war was Lord Gambler. The first peer had served in the Navy under Howe at Ushant on the "glorious first of June"; afterwards as Admiral he had commanded the fleet at the second bombardment of Copenhagen in 1807. The chairman of the future Exeter Hall founders at the Freemasons' Tavern conference of 1824, he took part in its business till his death in 1833. Even these names do not exhaust the social and personal interest of which the Exeter Hall genesis is redolent. "My father," said to me the Bishop, William Wilberforce's son, "did not, I think, himself attend any of the preliminary meetings; but he subscribed liberally and more than once to the conversion of Exeter Change into Exeter Hall." With Wilberforce there co-operated the son of one among the second Pitt's early successors in the premiership.

Before, however, going further, it may be well to explain the relations in which the Exeter Hall people and their enterprise stood to other religious movements of the time. Evangelical-

ism as a drawing-room movement had the start of high Anglicanism by the best part of a century. Bolingbroke attributed his irreligion to the ninety-nine sermons on the hundred-and-nineteenth psalm, which, as a child, he had been condemned to hear or read; he lived, however, to appreciate the theological good sense, the intellectual clearness and consistency of Calvin. St. John's friend, Pope, satirized Whitefield in the *Dunciad*. Having come to hear in a sufficiently critical spirit, Bolingbroke, after sitting through one of Whitefield's longest discourses, warmly complimented him on the justice he had done to the Divine attributes. At Bath Lady Huntingdon's patronage filled the chapels of the new Gospellers with congregations more smart and aristocratic even than those which in the next century were to hang on the lips of W. C. Magee, at the Octagon. Writing to Mann, May 3rd, 1749, Horace Walpole told him to prepare himself with Methodism if he ever thought of returning to England. Before the close of the century reaction had set in. The next wave of spiritual emotion that swept over the country was to leave a very different deposit behind.

Evangelicalism had not quite completed its new quarters at Exeter Hall, when the Anglican revival began at Oxford. That movement, after a fashion which has not yet been noticed, reacted upon the party complexion as well as on the social, not less than the religious, programme of Exeter Hall. To some extent indeed the influences presiding over the reorganized Evangelicalism of the 'thirties were as Conservative and aristocratic as those amid which and in the same decade tractarianism grew up. Henry Drummond at least, who financed the building in the Strand, was as staunch a Tory as he was a convert to Edward Irving's theology. So, too, was Spen-

cer Perceval. As regards, however, the connection of these with Exeter Hall, some of their most important colleagues, e.g., Sir Thomas Baring, were Whigs. The contemporary Anglicanism developed itself in the exclusive Oriel common-room and in the patrician country houses open to Pusey and his friends. It was therefore at first as essentially Conservative and aristocratic as Disraeli's "young Englandism," which indeed saw in tractarianism its spiritual ally. "Fancy," exclaimed Hurrell Froude, *apropos* of the unacademic quality of the M. P.'s who came on after the '32 Reform Bill, "a gentleman not knowing Greek!" Newman had not the democratic sympathies of his rival Manning, wished the Church to be a bulwark against Whiggery, and never concealed his purpose by the agency of eighteen Tory fellows of mounting Oriel as a reactionary machine to resist the progress of Liberalism and the modern spirit.² The welfare of the masses did not come within the scope of the Oxford movement. It therefore appeared in the foreground of the Exeter Hall programme. The sacrilegious Whigs had raised the "condition of England" question; it never disturbed the Oriel common-room, which practically was a club, half political, half religious, of well-born, well-connected, or aristocratically sympathetic schoolmen, who might be quite above the rough-and-tumble work of teaching undergraduates, but who should spiritualize Toryism, always be in residence, and never, so far as possible, read anything but the Fathers. It was less Tract Ninety or Keble's Assize sermon than the parties at Pusey House, Farringdon, or at Sir W. Heathcote's at Hursley,³ which consolidated the Oxford

² Mark Pattison's "Memoirs," page 93.

³ So intense was the reverence for rank inculcated by the early Anglican clergy that one of Keble's curates actually wept when telling his congregation in a sermon that a Whig budget had caused Sir William Heathcote to put down one of his carriage horses.

Anglicans. J. H. Newman was not the rose, but he lived near it. He was the frequent guest of the Pusey family; in his Oriel lecture-room he enjoyed the distinction of trying to instil ethics and decent manners into the young bloods who gave aristocratic tone to the college; among Newman's socially most considerable pupils had been at different times Lord Malmesbury, the Conservative Foreign Minister, Sir Edmund Head, Governor of Canada, and several of the great county members for the south and west of England. So long as undergraduates of this social calibre were on the books, Provost Copleston at least did not complain of Newman for setting them in the Rome-ward road; the one occasion on which he publicly censured the future Cardinal seems to have been over a haunch of venison on the high table which Newman was mutilating—"Oh, Mr. Newman, you are surely unconscious of the mischief you are doing!" In its beginnings, therefore, the social environment of Oxford Anglicanism was of the most reactionary kind. The political leader of the Oriel sacerdotalists, at least as powerful as their spiritual chief, was, it must be remembered, the future Archdeacon of Taunton, George Anthony Denison; his brother, the Speaker, afterwards Lord Ossington, was thinking more of his politics than of his ecclesiasticism when he described him as "St. George without the drag on." In Denison, indeed, to the day of his death the high Tory really predominated over the high Churchman.

Most of those minds which by their very structure responded to the appeals of authority and tradition in religion, or to scholasticism in culture were naturally attracted and entirely surrendered themselves to the learned and socially exclusive directors of the Oxford sacerdotalism. By the inevitable force of repulsion, the Exeter Hall

men addressed themselves to sympathies and to work of an exactly opposite kind. Sir Thomas Baring, Joseph Butterworth, W. M. Forster, and Samuel Rixon, after the meeting already mentioned at Sir G. H. Rose's, had joined the committee; these were all politicians of the popular color. Spiritually they had most in common with the Evangelicals as the successors of the puritans, who had been the backbone of Parliament. Exeter Hall, therefore, was from the first bound to be Low Church and philanthropic. The earliest guarantee for the union of these characteristics in its mission was furnished by its leading financier and business manager and his brother Irvingites. Apart from his implicit acceptance of the Gospel according to Edward Irving, Henry Drummond, so far from being an emotionalist, can still be recalled by some as a shrewdly practical member of Parliament of strongly Conservative affinities. This historic head of the famous bank at Charing Cross and the master of Albury Park, was ready to help Disraeli to dish the Whigs by suggesting that very scheme of household suffrage to which fifteen years later Conservatism gave effect. But between 1824 and 1833 Henry Drummond was thinking, not of politics, but of preparing, with Irving's help, for the close of the present dispensation. However, to-day the Irvingite ritual may vie in splendor with popery itself.

Three-quarters of a century ago the "Catholic-Apostolic" Church was one among the direct results of that jealousy of Rome that, having broken up the Whig Ministry in 1807, helped to break up the Tory Ministry in 1830.⁴

The purely Evangelical movement, of which Irvingism formed an offshoot, also anticipated by more than a generation some of the Church reforms credi-

⁴Spencer Walpole's "History of England," Vol. V., pp. 230-251.

ited to Anglicanism. Thus between 1820 and 1821 Scott, afterwards Lord Stowell, rallied the lay religionists of the Lower House round Bills introduced for dealing with the non-residence of the beneficed clergy. Interpretation of prophecy supplied one of the links holding together the mutually differing Evangelical sections that co-operated to found Exeter Hall. The first conclusion on which they agreed was the identity with Rome of the scarlet woman in Revelations, and of Rome's seven hills with the seven heads of the beast on which the woman sat.⁵ Spencer Perceval, like his father, agreed with Priestley in expecting the second advent within twenty years; Edward Irving was even said to have fixed the exact day. Irving's commanding figure, strange, wild countenance, vehemence of manner, power of compass, intonation and variety of voice had fascinated Drummond not less completely than it had done Perceval. I cannot find there ever to have been a suggestion of Edward Irving himself holding forth in Exeter Hall; but to the last of the preliminary meetings Henry Drummond brought two or three of Irving's disciples besides himself.

In 1829 improvements were going on in the Strand. With the consent of the Board of Works, Henry Drummond secured on a lease of ninety-nine years the well-known site most recently occupied by a music-hall or casino. The laying of the foundation-stone, a Drummond family function, soon followed. The building was to be capable of seating not less than 3,000 persons. A capital of £2,000 in £50 shares had now been raised. Two famous names in unexpected combination now mingled themselves with the genesis of the structure. The seventh Lord

Shaftesbury as *curia amicus* began to be consulted about certain details. More often than by letters or in person he gave his advice through his secretary, a person of the name of Jowett, whose distinction it was to have a son named Benjamin, during the 'thirties a boy in round jackets at St. Paul's School, London, more than a generation later to become the master of Balliol. To the few friends with whom in after years Benjamin Jowett talked about family matters, he described his father as possessed of considerable ability, of very great activity of mind, but entirely ignorant of the world of business, and in some respects throughout his life like a child. That did not prevent the elder Jowett being a very useful factotum to Lord Shaftesbury, and receiving many compliments from others of the Exeter Hall men for his varied usefulness while the work of the building was going on. The progressive identification of Exeter Hall with Evangelicalism of the humanitarian kind explains the bitterness of the earliest attacks upon it from very different quarters. Thomas Hood's reference to it in the ode to Rae Wilson as "the hall where bigots rant and cant and pray," supplied its Puseyite assailants with their conventional taunt. Henry Drummond, to ensure its being as much as possible a close corporation, had taken precautions against the shares getting into the public market. The earliest and most vituperative of its more famous foes was Thomas Carlyle. His enmity to it was the more bitter because the wife (Jane Welsh) whom he married in 1826 had once loved and still admired Edward Irving, that friend of younger days, whose rapid and brilliant promotion to prosperity and fame formed a heart-sickening contrast to Carlyle's long struggle with obscurity and want. Was not Henry Drummond Irving's wealthiest and most powerful follower? Was he not

⁵ For arguments on the other side see Newman's "Apologia," page 62, and the "Reminiscences" of T. Mozley, who argues that Antichrist was not the Church of Rome, but Pagan Rome.

also the man on the foundation of whose gold the structure in the Strand, with its Corinthian columns and the canting description, "Philadelphion," blazened forth in big capitals between them, reared its hateful head?

The next great name among the satirists or denouncers was that of T. B. Macaulay, then supporting Peel, alike against Tory malcontents and Whig opponents, in increasing the grant to Maynooth. By this time the "Young England" party was no longer openly enthusiastic about the "learning, discipline, organization, and tradition" of Rome. Newman's secession, though not declared till the following October, had popularly discredited Puseyism. Disraeli dealt with the grant as a bid for the Irish vote; George Smythe, of *Coningsby* fame, then member for Canterbury, joined with Sir Robert Harry Inglis, in Parliament, and with the Rev. Hugh MacNelle, that perfect personification of Exeter Hall Evangelicalism, outside Parliament, in denouncing the conciliatory tactics by which in 1844 Peel had resolved to counter O'Connell. "The filth and falsehood of the Middle Ages," MacNelle's phrase, first uttered at Exeter Hall, had become the Orange Tory watchword. The Strand was the real centre of political gravity. "All these," said Macaulay, speaking on April 14th, 1845, "are now thwarting and reviling those whom they know to be in the right, flattering the worse passions of those they know to be in the wrong. The Orangeman raises his war-whoop; Exeter Hall sets up its bray." In a different way Macaulay was to be punished for his anti-Protestant gibe as severely as for the portrait of the Quaker, William Penn, in his *History*. His support of Peel's Maynooth policy shook his seat for Edinburgh. The personal diatribes against MacNelle and the Exeter Hall speakers generally rendered the more certain the defeat

that came in 1847, contributed to as it had been not only by Drummond and his building, but by the whole Irvingite connection; for without Drummond's creation of Exeter Hall and his subsidizing of its principles, the Oxford movement would have been followed by no effective Evangelical revival. The earliest engravings of the place I have seen represent the two assembly-rooms beneath the same roof, that on the ground floor holding 800, that on the upper floor, the hall, properly so-called, 130 ft. by 76 ft., accommodating 3,000. This print is inscribed to Mr. Drummond, or was executed at his order. The only impression of it I ever saw belonged to a member of his family. Drummond also spared no pains or money in collecting pictorial as well as documentary evidence in support of his pet theory that the exact spot occupied by Exeter Hall was not that of Exeter Change, or even Exeter House, but rather the Exeter earls' gardens, once the paddock of St. Martin's Rectory, looking on St. Martin's Fields when a cattle pasture. By Drummond's order, also, was printed the earliest account of the interior, of the twenty-one siderooms, let as offices to various societies, of the cellars, let to private owners of beer and wine down to 1881, but not afterwards, of the galleries added as an afterthought, of the successive enlargements of platform and ceiling, and on the platform of the president's seat, "Modelled upon the chair of Edward the Confessor at Westminster."

After an expenditure of some £36,000 on the construction and equipment of the building, it became available to the public in 1831; on March 29th was held the opening ceremony. Upon a platform which could accommodate 500 persons, the two banker patrons of the place, Thomas Baring and Henry Drummond, stood side by side. The dedicatory prayer was offered by Wil-

son, vicar of Islington. Then came addresses from Baptist Noel and Dr. Cox, incidentally showing an increase, apart from religious societies, in London philanthropic institutions to a total of 336 within a century. In his best House of Commons manner followed Henry Drummond, emphasizing the opportunity Exeter Hall was designed to afford to gatherings for the advancement of learning as well as the propagation of faith. So far from there being a necessary feud between Christianity and learning of any sort, science, properly so-called, was the hand-maid of Revelation. There were, he added, fifty scientific organizations in London. All would be warmly welcomed at Exeter Hall on the most reasonable terms permitted by the expenditure on keeping up the place. That, it was explained, including ground-rent and taxes, amounted to £2,000 a year. As the sequel was to show, the average income of the place was to be £3,500; the general meetings contributing to their revenue varied from forty-five to seventy, the musical entertainments from twenty-seven to forty a year.

The utilization of the cellarage as beer and wine vaults did not prevent the initial meeting of Exeter Hall having for its object the promotion of temperance. On June 29th, 1831, exactly three months after the place had been opened, Exeter Hall witnessed the earliest anti-alcoholic protest made in London. At a midday meeting, strong drink of every kind was denounced by a strikingly representative series of orators from all parts. The Bishops of Chester, of Sodor and Man, and the peer who preceded the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury as a social reformer, Lord Calthorp, made common cause with the leading members of the Society of Friends in exposing and condemning the national evils that arose from strong drink. Ireland furnished her own champion to the good cause in

the person of her Solicitor-General, Crampton; Father Mathew's crusade actively began a few years later. Crampton, however, is rightly spoken of as Mathew's disciple, because he had already co-operated with the priest in planning the lines on which the enterprise was to be conducted. At Exeter Hall he distances most of his colleagues in the drastic nature of his recommendations for dealing with the public curse. Nothing but total abstinence could cure the disease; all noxious fluids and intoxicating liquors were to be prohibited from public sale, to be confined to the apothecary's shop or the chemist's laboratory. Soon after this came the temperance orations of J. B. Gough, who, at Exeter Hall first, and throughout the provinces afterwards, displayed a combination of moral fervor and histrionic eloquence, acknowledged even by those who had their doubts about the degree of permanent good effected by his impassioned performances.

William Wilberforce lived till 1833; his contribution, shortly before his death, to the Exeter Hall funds, committed the building to the maintenance of the cause which he had made his own. The anti-slavery movement had really begun when in 1772 the escaped slave Somerset found an asylum with Granville Sharp, and the Law Courts gave a decision against his surrender. After slavery had ceased to exist in any part of the dominions of Great Britain, Exeter Hall continued the movement for its abolition throughout the rest of the world. In executing this work, it became more than a denominational resort or a centre of sectarian influences. The friends of freedom now found allies in the enemies of war. The New World had sent to the platform in the Strand the Transatlantic apostle of peace, Elihu Burritt, who in our own time revisited this country as United States Consul at

Birmingham, who in the 'thirties was introduced to an English audience by Joseph Sturge, Thomas Clarkson's successor, and who was either accompanied or immediately followed by the Quaker poet of the eagle-eye and beak, Whittier, quite the strongest force contributed by literature to the cause. The cosmopolitan character of the building was emphasized at this time by Lord Brougham and Lord John Russell having for their neighbors on the platform D'Aubigné, Mrs. Fry, and the most rigid of the Pope's Irish subjects, Daniel O'Connell.

Before the Victorian era messages to the Strand chamber of public meetings had been often sent by Queen Adelaide and letters read, if not addresses heard, from the Duke of Sussex, the most sagaciously philanthropic and the least remembered among the Royal benefactors of his generation. Thus did Exeter Hall inherit the Court favor of Exeter House. On the accession to the throne of the Duke's niece, the building might at times have been regarded as a Strand wing of the palace. Beneath the famous roof in the Strand, the Prince Consort first faced an English audience on June 13th, 1840. Seven years earlier the Exeter Hall men had abolished slavery as a British institution. They were now impressing their doctrines of liberation on the rest of the world. Gladstone and Shaftesbury, both present in the hall for the first time, together with Sir R. Peel, supported the Prince. Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Mrs. Fry's brother-in-law, nominated by William Wilberforce as his successor, and Lushington stood nearest to the Queen's husband. Two years later the same representative of the throne, on the same platform, with nearly the same colleagues, initiated co-operation for social purposes of all Protestant sects. The House of Commons' debates on the children of the poor had

coincided with Bishop Sumner's declaration, "we must either build more schools or more prisons." Several times during the 'forties the "ragged schools" founders had for their Exeter Hall president Prince Albert, or, in his absence, the future Shaftesbury, then Lord Ashley, surrounded by men of all denominations, from H. M. Villiers, afterwards Bishop of Durham, to Dr. Cumming, of Crown Court.

Before the Prince identified himself with Exeter Hall he had tested its acoustic properties with the same care as he had prepared his first speech which his biographer, Sir Theodore Martin, has told us, he recited to the Queen more than once before its delivery. He thus personally discovered the place's architectural adaptation for the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society. One of these concerts had been marked by a pretty incident not yet recorded in print. One of the rules of the place was that it should be closed at 11 p. m., all who remained afterwards being charged an extra shilling. On the occasion referred to the Queen and the Prince were in the small gallery to the left, facing the orchestra. Clara Novello was closing the performance by singing the solo in the National Anthem. Contrary to all etiquette, the audience did not restrain applause, and shouted, "encore." Sir Michael Costa, the conductor, turned to the young Sovereign, who bowed her assent.

Not without Court associations of a sadder kind are the Sunday evening services, established after some opposition in 1857. The incumbent of the parish in the first instance exercised his undoubted right to prohibit clerical intrusion. The earliest of the announced functions was not therefore held. Soon afterwards the veto was cancelled; among the pioneers of the movement was the Wesleyan preacher, Morley Punshon, certainly the most eloquent pulpit orator then belonging

to any of the "free churches." The most memorable of these services forms an impressive link between the Palace and the Hall. In the December of 1861 the Trent difficulty had produced an almost hourly expectation of war between Great Britain and the United States. The subject was to be dealt with by Dr. Bock at the Sunday evening service of December 15th, greatly to the Prince Consort's satis-

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faction. Before, however, the congregation assembled, the flag on Windsor Castle, half-mast high, proclaimed the Queen's widowhood. Exeter Hall had never witnessed a sight so profoundly impressive as when the great organ, whose every note and stop the dead Prince had known so well, thrilled with the Dead March in "Saul," a multitude united as one man by the common bond of an overpowering grief.

T. H. S. Escott.

THE POWER OF THE KEYS.

CHAPTER XXV.

KEEPING THE WOLF FROM THE DOOR

Eleanor faced the winter—her second in Bala without Janie—with a stout heart and good hope. Granthistan was British once more, that was certain, and with the spring she would see the sight for which she had so long wearied—the khaki regiments coming up the road. With them would come Janie and Mr. Brooke, certainly, and possibly Arbuthnot, who must surely have declared his feelings to Janie by this time. How much they would have to tell her! For a year and a half she had been without news from home, deprived of letters, papers, parcels, all the links that unite the exile with his kin. Her life had been less eventful than theirs—a squalid fight with destitution at first, before the arrival of the timely help secured by Arbuthnot, and since then a combination of hospital work with the labors of a general relieving agency. She smiled at Dr. Weaver's idea that it was possible for her to leave her little community without a leader; it was less possible now than ever. Her flock of waifs and strays had increased continually in numbers, for the frequent quarrels between the Scythians and the villagers were responsible for many orphans, and several *pardah*

women from the neighborhood had fled to the hospital compound for refuge. "The English are pigs," cried one excited fugitive, as she clung to Eleanor's feet, "but these men are pig-devils; they have no shame." Some of these outsiders she was able to pass on to the care of relatives or friends, but others must perforce be added to the list of regular inhabitants of the compound. Owing to this increase in numbers, Eleanor had felt some anxiety about winter provision until the stores promised by Dr. Weaver arrived under the charge of the zealous and obliging Mr. Alfred Brown, for the Scythian Sanitary Department did not undertake to furnish her with supplies when the hospital was out of quarantine.

Throughout the month of September there was scarcely a day that did not bring a crowd of weary, dispirited fugitives toiling up the road. They could be seen from the hospital walls, but much to Eleanor's relief, they made no attempt to approach St. Martin's, pressing on instead to the Rajah's hunting-box and the camp near it. Dr. Schmidt—between whom and Eleanor truce had reigned since he left off boasting of British defeats and she had magnanimously refrained from asserting British successes—sent up a polite request now and then for the loan of some drug or instrument, but there was noth-

ing to suggest that the Scythians were in danger of anything worse than a shortage of medical stores—such a shortage as had existed for some time at St. Martin's. It was, therefore, a great surprise to Eleanor to be summoned one morning to the roof by eager voices to see what must apparently be the whole Scythian force on the march up the road. There could hardly be more than three thousand men in all, but they had large numbers of baggage-animals, and men and beasts alike were heavily laden. Embroidered draperies, ivory carvings, gold and silver vessels, could be distinguished in the loads, and Miss D'Costa called Eleanor's attention to the columns of smoke which rose from three points in the rear of the advancing force.

"They have burnt the Rajah's hunting-palace and the two villages in the valley," she said, "and they are carrying the loot away with them. Will they come here, Miss Weston? What can we do?"

"They must be going back to Bala-tarin," said Eleanor; "but it is too late. They will be overtaken by the winter before they can get there."

"They are coming here!" moaned Miss D'Costa, turning white. Eleanor laid an encouraging hand on her shoulder.

"We need not be afraid. They may only want us to look after their sick," she said, and went down to the gate. It was Dr. Schmidt who stood there, more surly and blustering than she had seen him for months. His errand was soon told. The force was marching with insufficient supplies, and none were to be obtained on the road to Bala-tarin. It was known that she had lately laid in large stores, and they must be handed over. Otherwise, St. Martin's would share the fate of the plundered villages, to which the surgeon pointed.

"But it is our food for the winter.

What are we to do?" cried Eleanor.

"You must lay in fresh stores. There will be no difficulty for you. The Durbar refuse us supplies unless we surrender—to them! They have thrown off the mask now—these creatures whom we came to liberate. We negotiated with them until we learned that they were plotting to surround us and provoke a conflict in which they might massacre all but two or three, who would be saved to hand over to the British in the spring. Then we gave up the hope of nerving them to a last resistance, and determined to return to our own territory, seizing what supplies we could find on the way."

"But you can never cross the passes so late in the year! The first snow may come any day. After all, if you did surrender, you would only be enduring for six months what the hostages have suffered for a year and a half."

"We do not surrender, we Scythians. We retreat, and drag our enemy after us to his destruction. Nor do we fear snow and ice, as the soft English do. Can you imagine, madam"—with sudden passion—"that we will make ourselves objects of scorn here, where we have reigned like kings for a year and a half? You must give up those stores. Shall Europeans, soldiers, starve while black women and children are fed? And be careful. We need fuel as well, and there is wood in abundance in your roofs and doors."

Reluctantly Eleanor led the way to the rat-proof godown where the precious grain was stored, and saw it carried out in sacks, jars, baskets—anything that would contain it. Then Dr. Schmidt proceeded to the surgery, and ruthlessly appropriated such things as he stood in need of, advising her sardonically to send in a claim against the Scythian Government on the conclusion of peace. As she stood watching him depart laden, a violent

explosion, echoed back on all sides by the mountains, nearly threw her down the steps. She saved herself by clutching at a pillar, and called out to reassure the crowd of frightened women and children who had rushed together, with the vague instinct of seeking safety in her presence, though they were certain the hospital was being bombarded. Her first thought was that the Scythians must be exploding the ammunition that they could not carry with them, but a visit to the roof showed her that the matter was more serious. It was the road that they had blown up, at a spot where for some three hundred yards it had been blasted out of the rock with incredible labor, and the link with the Empire and civilization was broken.

Down the steep path from the upper village troops of wailing women and children came hurrying. One or two carried cooking vessels hastily snatched up, but most had evidently fled with nothing but what they wore. Running downstairs and out at the gate, Eleanor called out to ask them what was the matter, but they were too much terrified to wait or answer. At last an elderly woman, who had been in the hospital as a patient, ventured to stop.

"Miss Sahib, the sons of Shaitan have stolen all our possessions, and pulled the wood out of our houses to carry with them, and they are forcing our men to follow them to the land of death as coolies. Woe is me! In the days of the English there was no forced labor, but now our sons will die in the snow on the mountain-road. Even the Great House have they destroyed, Miss Sahib, and the Begum Sahiba sits among the ruins, cursing them."

She hurried on after the rest, who were taking the path by which Mr. Brooke and Arbuthnot had reached the hospital on the night which proved to be the beginning of sorrows, and Elea-

nor turned to consider what was to be done. In view of the imminent approach of winter, a supply of provisions was the first consideration, and she despatched Abdul Husain down the path with a letter to Mr. Alfred Brown, at Sheonath or wherever he might be found. Stragglers from the Scythian ranks were still arriving, but they were generally fairly well loaded, and went on straight up the road as soon as they reached it. When no more could be seen, Eleanor called Vashti, and they set out for the upper village, now a scene of desolation, heaps of loose stones marking the spot where each roughly constructed house had stood. From the Begum's house a view could be obtained of the rear of the Scythian column as it wound out of sight up the road, and here, precariously supported on a pile of ruins, sat the old lady, cursing the destroyers with an awful definiteness that made Eleanor's blood run cold. She spoke like a prophetess, describing the perils of the mountain journey, the rock-falls, the icy whirlwinds, the overwhelming onslaught of the snow. She pictured the survivors struggling on against ever greater and greater difficulties, till no man looked behind when his neighbor fell by the way and called to him for help, and at last the snow covered all alike. In a final burst of vengeful joy she looked forward to the scene the road would present in the spring, when the melting snow disclosed the long line of corpses of men and animals, extending over many miles, and the wild beasts would hurry thither from the whole mountain country, and all the vultures of India, to enjoy a horrible feast. The faithful Barakat, crouching near her mistress, punctuated her prophecies with plaintive appeals to her to calm herself and come down, of which the Begum took no notice whatever, but as the last Scythian disappeared in the distance, she stood up and flung out

her right arm with a magnificent gesture, as though devoting her enemies to destruction. Then she collapsed, and Eleanor, taking the direction of affairs out of the hands of the willing Barakat, bade the two women help her to bring the Begum to the hospital. The small shrunken form was scarcely heavier than a child's, and they carried it down the steep path and in at the gate of St. Martin's. Not till then did it occur to Eleanor that she had added two to the number of her dependants, and that at the outside there was only a week's provision in the place.

The first snow fell that night—merely a few flakes, which the children laughed with pleasure to see, but the earnest of the long winter. Eleanor put every one unostentatiously on an allowance, and calculated that they ought just to be able to hold out until Abdul Husain's return. But Abdul Husain did not return. Whether he had encountered one of the last Scythian parties, and been impressed by them as a carrier, whether he had met with some accident on the mountain-side, or evil had befallen him among the angry and destitute inhabitants of the valley, she was not to know, but the relief he was to have brought did not come. Much against their will, she sent out next the only two male servants remaining on the compound, the gardener and a groom, but they also vanished into the unknown. Thus baffled, she took Vashti into council, and the girl suggested applying to the Begum, who might possibly have been able to keep some hoard of food untouched by the spoiler. The proposal was not a welcome one, for since her return to consciousness the old lady had shown plainly that she regarded her removal to the hospital as a gross liberty. She was too weak to get up and walk out, but she could use her little strength to turn to the wall and

pull her *chadar* over her face when Eleanor came near her. But there was no time to lose, and Barakat, diplomatically approached, undertook to sound her mistress. A wild outburst of wrath was the consequence, and listening nurses conveyed to Eleanor that the Begum had declared all in the hospital should starve, and she herself with them, before she would tell them where to find a single seer of grain. But Barakat's deferential urging of Arbuthnot's repeated request for kindness to his friends, which she pleaded in a meek, depressed voice, without emotion and apparently without intermission, wore down the old lady's resolution at last. She admitted that she had laid up a provision of corn in a certain chamber approached by a trap-door in the floor of the room where she had been wont to receive her visitors, and this might now be used, provided that only Eleanor and Barakat descended into the vault.

Taking with them the strongest among the women on the compound to help move the stones and rubbish which covered the floor, the two ambassadors went to the Great House. The task of finding the trap-door was a toilsome one, but when it was found, Barakat knew how it was opened, and led the way down with an assured step. The grain was stored in huge earthen jars, and one of these had in some way got broken, the fragments and the corn lying scattered on the rocky floor. Barakat pushed it partly aside with her foot, revealing the corner of another trap-door, and Eleanor understood that she was looking at the Begum's treasury, but neither of them said a word. They swept up the corn from the floor, supplying its place with the dust which lay thick elsewhere, and began to fill from the jars the baskets which the women above lowered down to them. Several visits of a like kind followed—not by day, lest

unfriendly or thievish eyes should be on the watch, nor at night, lest the necessary lights should attract notice, but in the dusk of the misty mornings. Then the vault was carefully covered again, and Eleanor's mind was at rest for the present.

Winter had set in early this year, and the hospital was completely isolated. To Eleanor there was something weird in the absolute silence and loneliness around, beyond the walls which enclosed her chattering, quarrelling household. Not one man from the Scythian column had returned down the road which it could hardly have been possible to traverse in time, none of the former inhabitants of the village had dared the icy slopes to seek news of home or relatives. She durst not allow those around her to perceive the horror with which the solitude gripped her at times, after she had once seen the dumb, unreasoning terror which crept into their eyes when they realized that she was frightened. She set herself resolutely to efface the impression, devoting her energies to keeping every one on the place busy, as strenuously as any commander of an Arctic expedition.

Christmas came, and a few hoarded delicacies in the way of tinned foods

were brought out—the last save what was kept for the Begum, whose strength was manifestly failing. She died on the last night of the old year, when the children and converts were singing hymns in the smaller ward of the hospital. Summoned by Vashti, Eleanor left them to Miss D'Costa, and slipped out noiselessly. The Begum was quite collected, and no milder than heretofore. With all her old fierceness, she made Eleanor swear on the Gospels, and Barakat on the Koran, that while they lived, no one should take possession of her ruined house and its contents but Arbuthnot, "the light of my eyes, the son of my heart," and desired them to turn her face towards Mecca. For her, it was a great concession when she murmured that the Mullahs said Christianity was a soul-destroying religion, but that judging it by some Christians, she considered it was not so bad; and Eleanor accepted the words as an acknowledgment of what she had done. They had neither tools nor strength to dig a grave in the frozen earth, but they cleared away the snow and laid the swathed form in it until the spring—the first of several such temporary funerals.

Sydney C. Grier.

(To be concluded.)

THE MONTH OF MARY.

In the soft dusk of the May evening, a heavy wagon, drawn by a yoke of cream-colored oxen, lumbers down the cobbled main street of St. Jean de Luz. The tired beasts with their linen coats and shaggy red head-dresses patiently follow the driver, a handsome Basque in a slouch hat and blue sash, who walks a few yards in front, holding his long pole and his arms outstretched to point the way. The day's work is done. The load of sweet-smelling hay

has been deposited in the barn, but the wagon is not empty. It is filled with a chattering crowd of children, mainly little girls, hatless, after the female fashion of their race, and they have begged a ride from the good-natured driver. They laugh and clap their hands as the wagon sways and creaks beneath them, and they are very loth to jump out, each in turn, when their respective homes are reached. They are not going to bed, however. Quite

late into the summer night they will play hide and seek about the streets, which, being empty, they now regard as their own. In the daytime they prefer to keep to the back quarters of the town, where they may be seen chasing the untethered donkeys under the acacia trees or sliding down the stone balustrades upon their faces, one baby tugging another by his pinafore to give him greater impetus in his descent.

The Basque children are sturdy, merry little things, clean and tidy rather than picturesque, but, in spite of the independence of spirit which has characterized their race since its foundation in the mists of antiquity, they are extremely well-mannered. In the schools they learn French, and for a time speak it; but once emancipated from the thralldom of education they make haste to relapse into their native Basque, that most difficult and mysterious language which is said so effectually to have baffled Satan when he tried to land on the shores of the Bay of Biscay. For the boys this deliberate forgetfulness proves a short-sighted policy, since, when the military service begins, the conscripts have to devote many weary hours to the re-acquisition of the French tongue. Life is not all play-time, however, even for the children. It is the duty of one little boy—he cannot be more than eight or nine at the outside—to light the lamps in the roads of St. Jean de Luz. He may be met every evening, as the darkness swallows up the brief twilight, flitting swiftly along, as if all the witches of his ancestral legend were upon his track, his bare legs twinkling under the black-belted pinafore, his feet encased in red cloth shoes, the *espadrilles* of the country, and carrying the lighter, a stick at least three times as long as himself. On wet nights he is dressed in a dark cape and hood, which

give him a very elf-like appearance.

But on this warm May evening neither play nor work is the only consideration. The "Mois de Marie" has a peculiar significance for the Basques, who are essentially devout. Every evening there is a service in the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, whose *fête* will be kept with much civic and religious ceremony a month later. So a great many of the children are captured by pious mothers and are borne off to the large sombre church where Louis the Fourteenth was married to Maria Teresa, Infanta of Spain. The magnificent vestments worn by the Roi Soleil on that occasion are preserved at Fuenterrabia, across the Bidassoa, where the wedding procession took place, and little enough remains in the gloomy interior of the church at St. Jean de Luz to suggest so gorgeous a ceremony. It is a solid, plain building, devoid of ornament, for the Renaissance never penetrated to this southwest corner of France, and, like the majority of the churches in this country, it seems to indicate the Basque temperament, strength and solidity rather than beauty being the keynotes of the structure. There is, however, a fine outside stone staircase leading up to the men's galleries, three tiers of which, magnificently carved in black oak, form the most noticeable feature of the interior. These, and the profusely gilded high altar are hardly distinguishable at this evening service. All the light is concentrated upon the altar of Mary, set at the foot of the steps outside the chancel rail, and the air is heavy with the scent of roses, white stocks, lilies and acacia blossom, piled up high amidst its myriad candles, heaped in masses upon the altar itself, and arranged in green jars upon the steps. These floral tributes are renewed daily through the month of May, and the sisters having been banished by the State from their ministry,

the labors of the sacristan must be heavy.

The floor of the nave is closely packed with women and children, only discernible in the gloom as a dark and solid mass, and that the galleries are as least equally crowded is proved by the volume of bass voices in the hymns to the Virgin, of which, besides the prayers of the Rosary, the service mainly consists. In the front row, where the lights from the altar fall full upon them, are three or four especially well-conducted children, belonging obviously to a class rather above those who ride in ox wagons and slide down balustrades upon their faces. Of these one tiny face seems in its prenatal sharpness to shadow forth the capable business woman of the future. It is the face of a baby—its owner cannot be more than five—but it is a baby who is very wide awake. Her hair is short and elaborately curled and extremely glossy, and her eyes, which are not devoutly closed, like those of her companions, are remarkably bright and are taking in every detail of the altar of Mary. At intervals and with the help of a sharp elbow she endeavors vainly to arouse an equally intelligent interest in a sleepy brother.

Just a year ago, upon the Sunday after Ascension Day, Marthe Marie Etcheverry—for such is her name—was brought to the church and dedicated to the Virgin, in company with several other little girls of extremely tender years, as is the Basque fashion. Marthe retains a dim but glorified recollection of her short and stiff white skirt, her veil and her *couronne* of artificial flowers, and she feels now that the altar of Mary is in some sense her especial property, and the religious observances of the month of May have for her infant mind a distinct significance. She does not, of course, know that this year these have been threatened with some abridgment, since for

the first time for many years the Republican party has come into power in St. Jean de Luz. The anti-Church feeling, however, is less strong here than in other parts of France, because the Basques are, as we have said, essentially devout, and beyond removing the occupier of every church appointment, including the old woman at the bathing establishment, and depriving the curé of an annual income of 30*l.* because he persists in preaching one Basque sermon a year, the authorities do not seem disposed to interfere seriously with the religious festivities of the people. This is as well, for these form the one picturesque element in their industrious but otherwise unimaginative lives.

At all events the Rogation processions upon the three days preceding Ascension Day, when a blessing is invoked upon the earth, that she may bring forth her increase, are observed with all the usual piety and devotion. For these three days the weather is glorious and the sun blazes hotly upon Monsieur le curé and his band of faithful followers, who trudge off at day-break along the white and dusty roads to some distant farm, where Mass is celebrated at an altar raised in the open fields. All along the way the shrines are decorated with greenery and fresh flowers, and the procession is swelled as it proceeds by contributions, mainly of men, from each village through which it passes. Monsieur le curé is an elderly man, and these long tramps into the country tire him considerably. He is, however, said to prefer them to the later ceremony in the month of June, when he goes out in a small boat to the mouth of the harbor to ask for a blessing upon the sea and all that therein is, an expedition which, being a bad sailor, he particularly dislikes. In old days whale-fishing was the great industry of St. Jean de Luz, and possibly the priests felt it better

worth while to suffer some personal inconvenience in so profitable a cause; but the sardines have long survived the whales, and Monsieur le curé must be forgiven if he is inclined to grudge to such small fry his annual attack of *mal de mer*.

Meantime one wonders if he is at all conscious that in these Rogation processions, which are so full of satisfaction and promise to the rustic community, he is helping to perpetuate a very sacred rite of the most ancient fraternity of ancient Rome. From the records which they have left upon the walls of their temples, reared late in their own history, in the days of the Emperor Augustus, we learn that the fraternity of the Arvales was founded in order that its members might pray to the *Dea Dia*, the Divine Goddess, and invoke her blessing upon the fields. Apparently the feast of this goddess belonged to the order of the *feriæ conceptivæ* and was as movable as our own Easter. The date would be announced as the Ides of January by the president of the community, standing on the steps of the Pantheon, his head veiled and his face turned towards the east. As a rule it fell towards the end of May, when the corn was beginning to ripen, and, like the Rogation days, it lasted for three days, during which time there was a complicated series of processions, sacrifices, and banquets. When Monsieur le curé puts on his purple cope with the silver fringe to walk in the dust of the high-road, he is perhaps unaware that he is obeying the orders of the founder of the Arvales, Romulus himself, according to the legend, that a band of purple should be worn by the brothers upon their togas in the processions. When the people bring their roses to the church to be blessed, the Sunday after Ascension Day, they do not know that they are commemorating the exchange of bouquets of roses,

an important ceremony at the close of the feast of the Divine Goddess. Rites of the same sort were undoubtedly observed by the early Christians, who called for a blessing upon the fruits of the earth in the middle of Mass on Ascension Day, and it is curious to note the many small points of resemblance to the pagan festival which have survived through the ages, and are still carefully adhered to in the Rogation processions of Southern Europe. With the Arvales the second day of the festivity was the most important, and so it is with the Basques, but in a different fashion, for whereas it was the only day upon which the Roman ceremony took place in the country the second day is the only one on which the Basques confine their procession to the town.

In the church of St. Jean Baptiste, sombre and cool on this hot May morning of the second Rogation day, a few of the faithful have begun to assemble towards ten o'clock. At present they are mainly women, the older ones with their heads tied up in black handkerchiefs, according to custom. Amongst them there is a decided preponderance of widows, with the long soft black shawl over their heads and hanging to the hem of their skirts. There are also children, and I recognize a little Spanish boy and girl, Fernando and Gloria, who have come to St. Jean de Luz for the sea bathing, and with their mother, a grown-up brother, five elder sisters, several dogs, and an automobile are packed happily and noisily into a house which might comfortably have held a family of four persons. Fernando and Gloria are handsome children, with wonderful black eyes, clear olive complexions, and slim well-formed little bodies. At home they are also extremely naughty, as, our gardens adjoining, I have cause to know; but in church their manners suggest all the pride and aloofness of

their race, and they sit motionless on their chairs whilst their nurse devoutly kneels upon her *prie-Dieu* between them. A much less patient little figure presently flits out of the sunshine into the deep shadow of the porch. It is Marthe, and she is apparently unattended, or at all events she has escaped from her guardian. Marthe has a great and boundless admiration for the Spanish children who are lodged nearly opposite her own home, but they are much too proud and aristocratic to respond to the advances of the little Basque girl. Every afternoon the old man with the paralyzed hand, playing on his pan pipes, comes up the road under the acacias, followed by his little flock of goats and their kids, carefully guarded by a big shaggy sheep dog. Fernando and Gloria run down to the door with their glasses, the pipes stop playing, the goats group themselves picturesquely, and the sheep dog lies down in the dust with a sigh of relief. He keeps one watchful eye upon the kids however, who, their mothers and the goatherd being occupied, are apt to make raids upon the more succulent vegetation of a neighboring garden. While the goats are milked into six glasses for the Spanish family, Marthe stands at her gate across the road and enviously watches. She too would like goat's milk, but still better she would like to play with Gloria and Fernando. One afternoon her feelings get the better of her, and she boldly crosses the road with a china mug in her hand and followed by her puppy Bijou. But the bell-wether of the flock, a large beast with twisted horns and his hair done up in tight curls to match the dignity of his position, and whose temper has been tried by Fernando's attentions, does not approve of either Marthe or the puppy. He advances to meet them at a slow trot with his head ominously down. Marthe screams, Bijou yaps, and the goat who is being

milked and is a nervous lady kicks out and breaks the sixth glass, which has just been filled. Gloria explains in shrill and fluent French that Marthe is an intruder, but the discomfited child has already fled to the shelter of her own home, leaving the undaunted Bijou to exchange views with the sheep dog. This was only yesterday, and this morning the Spanish children deliberately ignore her presence. Marthe has an incurably sociable and consequently forgiving disposition, but having circled vainly two or three times round their isolated group of chairs, she flits out again into the sunlight, shaking out a diminutive but elegant white parasol as she goes. At this moment two little acolytes appear on the steps of the choir, followed by a couple of young priests and finally by the tall, austere-looking old man who is Monsieur le curé. We follow them out into the blazing sunshine and find that the street has been strewn with green rushes and branches of euonima. Here quite a crowd is waiting, which forms itself at once into processional order, led by the old bent women in their black head-dresses and brought up at the rear by the children. Nobody wears a hat, but the parasols of the younger women and the little girls strike a bright note of color against the black of their dresses and of the men's coats. The Basque women, with their frugal minds and absence of any instinctive love of color and brightness, are fond of black for their wearing apparel. No self-respecting bride of the lower classes would be seen in anything else; and indeed with the floating white veil, especially if she be a tall and handsome woman, she presents an appearance of austere dignity which is not at all unattractive. The Pays Basque appears to be the one country in Europe where the men are at least equal numerically to the women. In their innumerable proces-

sions at weddings, at funerals, and on every other possible occasion there seems to be no difficulty in matching the sexes quite evenly. To-day the men are considerably in the majority, and fresh recruits fall in continuously as we pass in total silence, save for the trampling of many feet, the heavy tread of the men, the shuffling steps of the children, through the narrow streets strewn with greenery to the chapel of the naval and military hospital, where Mass is to be celebrated. We cross the scorching *Pelote* ground and through the school yard, where are drawn up, awaiting us, rows of very neat little school children in blue and pink pinafores. The hospital chapel is a small, unpretentious yellow-washed building, with a heavy carved wooden gallery outside and a wooden porch. Inside it much resembles a barn, and from the centre of the roof is suspended a model of an ancient man-o'-war with a green hull, a votive offering, no doubt, for some bygone victory of the French fleet over the Spanish. Beyond these and a few pictures upon the walls there is no attempt at internal decoration. The chapel certainly will not hold the congregation, which by now has attained considerable dimensions, and a portion of it has to be content to sit out in the courtyard under the shade of the plane trees, where the red roses are peeping over the wall and only the distant droning of the Mass and the tinkle of the bell are audible. Perhaps for many of the worshippers it does quite as well on this hot morning, and it is less than an hour before the congregation begins to pour out again. This time the procession reforms in a more imposing fashion. A chosen few of the little girls go in front of the curé, scattering rose petals and yellow iris upon the rushes. They are probably those who are especially *rouées à la sainte Vierge*, for Marthe is amongst them, and though

she is decidedly the smallest she has succeeded in walking in front. She holds herself very upright. Her brown head is unprotected, for obviously nobody can scatter flowers and hold up a parasol; her cheeks are unusually pink with the effort, and she turns every now and then to fill her small hands with petals from the large basket carried by an elder girl behind. The insults of her Spanish rivals are temporarily forgotten in the obvious superiority of her position. The blue and pink pinafores follow immediately behind the curé, and in front of the boys, the young priests walking with the latter to keep order and to control the singing. Then come the women, and finally a great number of men. But to-day is pre-eminently the children's procession, for they cannot manage the distances out into the country. The Basque singing, whether it be religious or secular, at a funeral or a merrymaking after a wedding, has a curious quality of monotony, which gives it a rather dirge-like sound, but it is not unmusical and there is always a vast preponderance of male voices.

Halfway down the main street stands an old iron cross, beneath which a temporary altar has been erected, heaped with fresh roses and surrounded by pots of hydrangea. Here the procession halts, and the children gather round in a circle. We are not only in the main street, but also on the high-road from France into Spain, yet the traffic of motors and market carts is stopped without the aid of any policeman, and quite as effectually as in Whitehall on Coronation Day. We kneel meekly on the greenery, a light carpet over the thick white dust of the road. Monsieur le curé, with a branch of palm in his hand, blesses the flowers upon the altar, and taking a large gilt cross is about to turn and bless the kneeling congregation, when a diversion occurs. Nobody has ap-

parently noticed or is concerned by the fact that the congregation has been joined by a small black lamb, whose front hair is tied up with yellow ribbons like a poodle, and by a fat and fluffy puppy, who is the former's self-appointed guardian and protector. The lamb belongs to Marthe Etcheverry, and is usually sleeping or browsing upon the grass by the roadside, with Bijou curled up very close to his charge for warmth and comfort—one baby, in fact, guarding another. More than once Bijou has attacked me viciously with his shrill yaps and pinpoints of teeth, for some fancied desire on my part to make friends with the lamb, and no doubt he is training to be a sheep dog, like his friend belonging to the goatherd.

To-day, however, he trots rather doubtfully behind the lamb, who, of an enquiring disposition, ambles deliberately towards the hydrangeas. Bijou's superior intelligence tells him that he has no possible business within this kneeling circle of children and grown-up people, but his duty bids him follow his charge, until halfway across he is suddenly seized and held tightly round the body by Fernando. At the same moment Gloria, who is an agile child, has thrown herself upon the lamb. There is a brief scuffle, a roll in the dust, and the Spanish children, having forgotten their devotions and their dignity alike, are off up the road in full chase, Bijou yapping and snapping at their bare legs. Marthe has not instantly observed the intrusion, but now she is making frantic efforts to escape and to wreak instantaneous vengeance upon the perpetrators of this awful outrage upon her property. Her *bonne*, however, holds her firmly in a kneeling posture by her small shoulders, while the curé, who has observed the scene with a grim smile, lifts the brass cross and blesses the congregation, who are then free to

depart with the least possible delay. "Méchants, méchants," sobs Marthe, beside herself with rage and indignation, and wriggling herself free from the detaining hand, and hurling French and Basque invectives upon the little Spaniards, she races up the road in their pursuit. She is, however, neither so slim nor so long in the leg as her adversaries, and by the time she arrives, breathless and panting, under the acacias, they have disappeared within the shelter of their own door, leaving the lamb and Bijou in an exhausted heap upon the grass.

Early the next morning I am aroused by the same wailing hymn under my windows, and am only just in time to see the last Rogation procession making its way back into the town. Monsieur le curé in his purple cope and black biretta looks less tired this morning, and yet he must have been some distance, for he started at sunrise. Perhaps he is pleased with the really beautiful floral offerings over which he is invited to walk. His road home is leading him past houses with well-stocked gardens. The fresh greenery at his feet has a light powdering of acacia blossoms, which the breeze is bringing down in a shower from the trees overhead, those trees which in May are a perfect harbor for nightingales. The six Spanish girls are all there. Gloria's five elder sisters are slim and tall and graceful in their fresh white dresses, each with a different-colored ribbon twisted in her hair, and their arms are full of roses, red and pink and white, with which they recklessly strew the path before the curé. Being more demonstrative in their religion than the Basques, they kneel to receive his blessing as he passes. Lower down the road Marthe's little eager face peers through the gate, which for all her rattling her small arms cannot move on its hinges. Marthe is in disgrace, and so, perhaps

a little unjustly, is Bijou. She hugs him tightly in her arms, and with a series of shrill barks he evinces a distrustful interest in this procession. Marthe would like to make faces at Gloria—Gloria, who, her wickedness unpunished and in a clean white frock, is scattering choice roses with her sisters—but unfortunately Gloria is not looking, and the hardest part of her own punishment to the little Basque girl is that she is impotent to wipe out old scores. The black lamb, the cause of the trouble for which his playfellows are suffering, sleeps peacefully upon the grass, his toilet yet unmade, for his head is guiltless of the yellow ribbon.

The procession, with its tired dusty followers, goes on its way down to the church, the dirge-like singing growing fainter in the distance, and the words of George Herbert's Easter hymn recur instinctively to my memory:

I got me flowers to strew Thy way:
I got me boughs off many a tree:
But Thou wast up by break of day,
And broughtst Thy sweets along with Thee.

After having assisted at these Rogation processions it seems only right and natural to go out into the fields which have been blessed. The month of May is the *morte saison* at Biarritz and St. Jean de Luz. Not many of the Spanish bathers have arrived, and the English visitors have gone home to welcome their own dilatory spring. The few who remain, however, know that the "Mois de Marie" is the most beautiful month of the year in the Basque country. The sun has not begun to scorch, and the wind has ceased to chill, and in the fresh green of the woods and fields there is no hint of the hot and dried-up country with which we associate the thought of Southern Europe in the summer. Mid-May in the Basses-Pyrénées is equivalent to

mid-June in England, and it is pre-eminently the month of roses. Surely nowhere in the world can there be a greater abundance of beautiful roses, and it is no wonder that they play so prominent a part in the religious ceremonies of the country. They run riot over every building, peer over every wall, and, trained over every trellis, they form a very effective protection from the sun. The air is sweet with them, and in the country the hedges are covered with briar roses and honeysuckle. As the month draws on, the hay-makers are busy in the meadows, and the roads are full of ox wagons and donkey carts laden with the sweet flowery grass. The haymaker, if he be wise, keeps his weather eye rather anxiously upon the sharp, razor-like outline of La Rhune, in dread of an approaching thunder-storm, and is thankful when the Trois Couronnes, that majestic triple mountain which guards the pass through the Pyrenees into Spain, melts softly into a blue and hazy sky.

May is a busy month at the convent of Notre-Dame de Refuge, which lies out in the country between Bayonne and Biarritz. It is the community of the Servantes de Marie, and consequently the month of the Virgin is for them especially full of religious observances. Nevertheless, on the eve of the fête of the Ascension they are by no means averse to receiving a visitor. The sister who on this occasion acts as guide is an elderly, weather-beaten, but extremely cheerful person, with, I have reason to believe, a purely surface appearance of childlike innocence, and a mild sense of humor. She is delighted to do the honors, but she cannot persuade me to linger in the chapel, which, though a large and handsome building, is entirely cold and ugly in the interior. Great pots of plants stand before the altar of Mary, but there is not the same profusion of flow-

ers as in the churches, and the altar itself is decorated in a gaudy and artificial manner. Outside, the garden and the farm are very much more interesting. It is a large community, numbering six hundred with the Pénitentes, the care of whom forms the special occupation of the sisters. The Basque idea of rescue work differs in its details from that of this country. There are neither bolts nor bars, nor even high walls, such as usually enclose convent buildings, to prevent the Pénitentes from returning to that mode of life from which they have been snatched as brands from the burning. No doubt there is in reality a close moral supervision, which is less apparent to the visitor than the low privet hedges; but when such a calamity as the desertion of an inmate occurs, the mother superior, being a Basque, will probably only raise her shoulders and murmur with a sigh of resignation, "Qu'est-ce que ça fait?" the usual observation in this country when misfortunes happen. "There are others to think of, and the 'bon Dieu' knows His own work." Meantime the Pénitentes are kept well employed and certainly have as a whole a contented appearance. Those who can sew are set to do fine linen work and embroidery, which is sold for the benefit of the convent. Others—and there are not a few who are mentally deficient—are set to work in the fields and upon the farm. Here one of their duties is to wash the cows and the pigs daily, and each animal is housed in sumptuous isolation with a small statue of St. Joseph over its lodging to act as protector. It is indeed a model farm, but, as the sister explains to me, the lives of the Pénitentes are not too strenuous, since men are called in to do the rougher work. A doctor is also in the service of the convent, and indeed the community appears to have no objection to employing the other sex in

what it may consider is its proper sphere. Another elderly Pénitente—she must certainly be over sixty and has a most evil countenance—acts as shoemaker, and her time is well occupied in resoling the stout shoes of the sisters, for there is much walking to be done in this country convent.

The sister who is my guide is quite pleased when I explain that my chief object in coming out to Notre-Dame de Refuge is to visit the Silent Sisters, otherwise known as the Sœurs Bernardines, who, though belonging to a Trappist Order, are in some sense an offshoot of and are largely supported by the Servantes de Marie.

She laughs with feminine amusement, rather as if I were a child clamoring for the pantomime, but she conducts me chattering all the way through a long, tunnel-like avenue of plane trees, whose branches are trained to meet above our heads. On either side are the fields with the produce of which the sisters supply the market of Bayonne, for they are really market gardeners upon a large scale. At the end of the avenue we pass through a little pine wood, and, opening a wicket gate between high box hedges, the sister pauses to explain to me that we must now talk only in whispers. Her own whisper might well have filled the chapel, but no doubt they are used to her, and in any case there seems to be nobody about except some workmen. The gardens of the Sœurs Bernardines, enclosed on three sides by the low long buildings of the convent, is singularly charming. All sorts of old-fashioned flowers abound here—mignonette, sweet peas, moss roses, set round with neat borders of box, and there are also beds of thyme and rosemary. Outside the dormitories is a long hedge of camellias, which are in bloom, the sister says, from October until March. The original buildings, dating from about seventy years back, of which the

chapel is still in use, were constructed entirely of thatch and have a very quaint appearance. It was in this little chapel that the Emperor Napoleon the Third and the Empress Eugénie came to pray for an heir, an event commemorated by a tablet on the wall. The thatched walls of the cells were not, however, considered sanitary, and the *Sœurs Bernardines* are now properly lodged in less picturesque stone cells of very fair dimensions. In one room they are allowed to see their friends and relatives once a month, and apparently there is no time limit to this their only chance of conversation. In the refectory, a long low building, fresh and airy, with pink monthly roses peeping in at the windows, and a floor of deep sand, I am given a glimpse of the harsher side of the discipline. A narrow table runs down the middle of the room, with a little drawer containing the knife, fork, spoon and cup of each sister opposite her seat on the wooden bench, but on Fridays the *Bernardines* have to receive their food kneeling on their knees on the sand. Meantime not one of these ladies is to be seen, and "*ma sœur*," who feels herself responsible for my entertainment, is distinctly disappointed. As we pass through the gardens she peers cautiously behind the privet hedges and round the clumps of rhododendrons, very much like a child playing hide and seek, and admonishing me all the time in a loud whisper. "You must be very quiet here, *mademoiselle*; this is where the sisters often sit, and they do not like to be disturbed." Then she suddenly seizes my arm and points down a side-alley. "Look, look, *mademoiselle*, quick. Ah! you have missed it." My hasty, nervous glance—for I am rather prepared to see a wild animal—only shows me the vanishing figure of a young woman in a white monkish frock with a black cowl and a large

straw hat. "*Ma sœur*" is dissatisfied, and she hurries me to a long row of greenhouses, where several *Pénitentes* are occupied in nailing up the vines. "*Où sont donc ces dames?*" she demands a little fretfully, and we are told that, workmen being in the garden, "*ces dames*" are all away working in the fields. This she obviously thinks is ridiculous when there is a visitor to be entertained, but discipline forbids her to say so, and she conducts me with a contemptuous sniff to the cemetery, to show me, as she explains, that in death they are all equal. In contrast to the garden the cemetery is certainly a depressing spot—rows and rows of plain mounds without even grass upon them, only adorned with a cross of cockle shells. A sign of pilgrimage, I suggest, but the sister shakes her head. "I do not know; they are cheap, and in death we are all alike." She repeats the latter phrase with virtuous self-satisfaction. "*Servantes de Marie, Bernardines, Pénitentes*, it is all the same." Looking round me I am inclined to doubt the accuracy of her statement. There are graves upon which the shells are distinctly larger than others, and at the head of these a bush is planted, sometimes even a plant of white *marguerites*. I shrewdly suspect that these superior graves belong to the *Servantes de Marie*, but I make no comment, for after all the best of us occasionally deceive ourselves.

As we walk back under the plane trees we meet the cows being driven up to the milking sheds. They are sleek, well-cared-for beasts, still shining with cleanliness from their morning tubs. The extremely aged appearance of the *Pénitente* in charge leads me in my ignorance to ask a question which proves to be particularly indiscreet. How long do they remain *Pénitentes* and under the protection of *Notre-Dame de Refuge*? "But always,

mademoiselle," is the reply, "unless they take the vows of the Bernardines and become Silent Sisters." "But cannot they take your vows?" I ask, appalled at the thought of this only means of exit; "cannot they become *Servantes de Marie*?" Instantly "*ma sœur*" draws herself up very stiffly, and the geniality dies out of her face. "But certainly not, mademoiselle," she says coldly; "nobody with a slur upon them can join our Order; we are irreproachable." Wondering if the Bernardines are merely a further development of the *Pénitentes*, and if this accounts for the slight accent of contempt and amusement, mingled, however, with some awe, with which my guide has referred to them, I enquire if they are all under a cloud. This suggestion gives even greater offence than my former one. "Not at all, mademoiselle; the Order is open to the unfortunate, and there are many who take the vows; also to the *Enfants Abandonnés*. But there are others, and they are very aristocratic ladies." She then goes on to tell me that only a few months ago a young girl of ancient family had joined the Order. "She had led a blameless life, but there was a dark spot in her pedigree. She could not join us." "*Ma sœur*" spreads out her hands with an expressive gesture. "We are irreproachable." She pauses and taps herself upon the chest. "I, I who speak to you, mademoiselle, *je suis irréprochable*." A cold chill seems suddenly to fall upon the peace and contentment of the sunlit garden. I can think of no suitable response, and in a silence which surprises "*ma sœur*," who has entirely recovered her geniality, I make my offering for the fête of the Ascension, and say a brief good-bye to an Order, which, in the name of Christianity, condemns its unfortunate sisters to perpetual servitude or silence.

In the villages on the lower slopes

of the Pyrenees Ascension Day is kept very quietly. The churches are full, as is always the case in the Basque country; there is a little dancing, and everybody seems to carry roses; but the merry-making is obviously of a sober kind. Nevertheless we are *en fête*, and the holiday atmosphere is more noticeable on the last day of the month, which is also a Sunday. Up the valley of the Nive the train potters along by the river, stopping at the many little villages to take up and set down parties of holiday-makers. The Nive is crossed at intervals by ancient stone bridges, some of which are supposed to date from the time of the Romans, but are of more recent interest as having borne the weight of Wellington's artillery. In the scattered villages, reached through long avenues of oak trees, where the British forces must have bivouacked, not a few of the white houses, with their heavy wooden cornices, bear the suggestive date of 1814. The Nive is also famous for its trout, and the train is full of fishermen who have come for a day's sport. At one little station a venerable priest, who has travelled from Bayonne to celebrate the last Mass of the month of May at the old church up on the hill, is met and greeted by the whole village. One of the anglers, looking rather like the White Knight in his waders, and hung round with nets, rods, and tackle, and all the impedimenta with which a Basque goes out to catch trout, climbs out of the train to have a chat with the priest. The postman also descends to cool his bottle of wine under the tap, for leisure is the most marked characteristic of this railway, which is a single line. Each of these little stations appears to be the property of one family, and it is the prolonged interchange of greetings between our engine driver, the station master, his wife, mother, and innumerable offspring which is now

delaying us. A small boy of four or five is seated upon a minute chair on the platform, grasping a red flag which it is his business to wave when a train approaches, presumably as a warning to his brethren and the chickens who play unconcernedly upon the rails. His hair is dressed in long ringlets, and his face is puckered with anxiety, for he feels that the responsibility of the traffic on the whole line to Bayonne rests upon his little shoulders. At length the train crawls slowly on through a beautiful but very narrow gorge, where is the famous Pas de Roland. This is a rock with a circular hole in it, said to have been made by the spear, or, as some say, the foot of the Paladin, in order that his army might pass through the gorge to join his uncle, Charlemagne, without scaling the rocks above or plunging into the torrent below. As we emerge into the cherry orchards of Biderray the clouds which have been gathering for some hours begin to come down in steady rain. "Il est là!" had been the comment of the toothless old grandmother in charge of the little station amongst the hayfields where I had embarked in the early morning, and she had cast a gloomy eye at the sky and then upon the half-cut meadow where her son-in-law was preparing to spend his fête day. It is unfortunate that the last day of May, and that a holiday, should be a wet one. But so it is, and after all the blessing invoked by the priests has been responded to, for the land is crying out for water, and the hay should have been carried by now. If it refers to the rain it is certainly there when we reach the end of the journey at St. Jean Pied de Port, the fortified town which guards the pass into Spain through the Col de Roncevaux. A dark curtain is drawn down over the mountains, and the observations of a visitor seem likely to be restricted within narrow limits. Of

human interest however there is plenty, for the hotel on the Place is crowded with family parties from Bayonne, who have come out to spend the day, and it is with some difficulty that, returning a little late from the church, I can find a free table for *déjeuner*.

A small, shrill, and familiar voice greets me as I enter. It is unexpected to meet Marthe Etcheverry so far from St. Jean de Luz, but from the subsequent conversation I gather that she has been spending the fête of the Ascension with her grandparents at Bayonne. To-day she is with her parents and her brother, who is about a year older than herself, and she is talking in intelligible French as becomes a fête day, her best clothes, and the assembled company. She is vexed because the *bonne* has been washing her face and hands at table, an indecorous proceeding, and she is now patting down her short full skirts and demanding a glass of white Bordeaux from her father's bottle as the best means of restoring her self-respect. Her request is refused, for her parents are evidently enlightened people, and, as the little voice persists they reason with her, the father at great length and with extreme gentleness, the mother more shortly and with some asperity. But Marthe is quite undeterred. She is now launched upon a thrilling tale of some unforgotten *Pentecôte* (she is not yet six) when she was taken by her grandparents to see the *fandango* danced at Fuenterrabia, and how she had a glass of real red wine—"mais rouge, papa." The tale waxes in interest and unveracity as it proceeds, and the heroine turns to smile affably at the applause with which it is greeted by one of the fishermen who has travelled with me in the morning, and who is probably a bachelor. Marthe's father spreads out his hands and shrugs his shoulders in

mock despair. "Cet enfant ment tellement," he complains with ill-concealed pride; "son frère jamais!" The brother indeed, with his sweet placid Basque face, who has been listening to his sister's narrative with an occasional appreciative snigger, is evidently at a safe distance from any incriminating effort at imagination. But at this juncture Madame Etcheverry interposes with some effect, and Marthe's attention is temporarily concentrated upon the excellent dish of trout which has appeared a little indiscriminately between the sausage and the *entrecôte*. A fresh diversion is soon caused, however, by a large white dog decorated with brown spots, belonging to the fisherman, and who is only too pleased to fall in with Marthe's desire to share with him her *déjeuner*. His owner explains that the amiable creature is called Mocha, because he was intended to be entirely brown, a joke which is thoroughly appreciated by the assembled company, and Marthe clasps her minute hands in ecstasy, as Mocha thrusts his nose upon the lap of a well-behaved little girl at a neighboring table who is strictly forbidden to feed him. Meantime the rain, which has come down pitilessly since the morning, shows signs of relenting, and it is a relief to escape from the heated atmosphere of the *salle à manger* into the freshness of the rain-washed Place, with its dripping plane trees.

Quaint houses overhang the river where it falls in a cascade below the bridge, and further up are visible the flying buttresses which constitute the only picturesque feature of the plain, solid little church. But the clouds have only temporarily lifted, and there is barely time to walk round the fifteenth-century ramparts before the rain comes down again, and a retreat under the archway of the clock tower beside the church seems advisable.

Here an aged crone, her head tied up in a black handkerchief, is established with a basket of cherries, and, in spite of the weather, she is doing a good business with the little boys of the town. A group of three remain in affectionate proximity to her basket. The two elder, for want of a better receptacle for their cherries, have taken the smallest boy's cap, and this not being sufficient, they have further filled his trousers pockets. The urchin remains unmoved by these arrangements, but when it comes to a subdivision of the spoil he proves quite competent to hold his own. His cap he surrenders, conscious that superior force will prevail, but the contents of his pockets he has mutely decided are to be his own, and oddly enough he imposes this opinion upon the elders with the slightest possible show of resistance. He is a true Basque, as stolid and immovable as the plain, square-set church behind him, and he remains under the shelter of the arch munching his cherries in total silence long after his brothers have retired, vanquished, from the field. Every now and then he rubs a fat, sunburnt hand across his chest, presumably to assist the passage of his cherry stones, for I cannot see that they reappear in orthodox fashion. He takes his pleasures quietly, and indeed quietness seems to be the note of St. Jean Pied de Port on this particular fête day. An old man passes under the archway and pauses in front of the open church door to cross himself and bow devoutly to the darkness of the interior. A group of little girls are waiting on the steps under umbrellas, but even they are subdued.

Suddenly round the corner comes Marthe, a very self-important Marthe, who has escaped from the tyranny of her mother, nurse, and brother, and has induced a long-suffering father to bring her out fishing with Mocha and

his master. She is enveloped in a blue cape, with a hood drawn tightly round her face, and her sharp little eyes are dancing with excitement. She is having a glorious time, and assuredly the Spanish children are never taken out fishing. She pauses for a moment, fascinated by the cherries, but the angler's zeal will brook of no delay, and it is intimated to her by her too reasonable parent that she has had enough cherries for one day, and that she must come at once or not at all. So, throwing what is obviously a caustic observation in Basque to the little boy and a smile to myself, she is off on the trail of Mocha.

On a religious festival, which is also a wet one, the church seems to offer a suitable refuge, and, as there is no train for another hour or so, I am considering the advisability of attending vespers, when an old lady in a post-card shop across the way mysteriously beckons to me. She has placed two chairs under the shelter of the overhanging eaves of her house, and she is preparing for a good gossip with the solitary stranger. It soon appears that, though a Basque, this old lady is not *dévote*, and has no opinion of fête days, especially when they are wet and bring so few visitors to the town. She has not been to Mass, oh no! but a rumor has reached her that after the Basque sermon this morning a pastoral letter has been read in French from the bishop of the diocese. Can mademoiselle tell her if this is really so? I reply in the affirmative, and explain that the letter was to beg for help for the church from the congregation, the Pope not having seen his way to consent to the compromise accepted by the *Associations culturelles*. Madame becomes contemptuous, but interested. "Ah! mon Dieu! Did he really read that again? That was the doyen, I'll be bound," and she calls to a young man who is passing on his way up to

the church, "Was not that Monsieur le doyen who read the pastoral letter this morning, hein?" He nods in assent. "That is our tenor," she explains to me in parenthesis. "They will have the vespers of the Sacred Heart; you must go in and hear him." Then, reverting to the original subject, she tells me that for her part she considers they have heard enough of the separation. "Les curés se plaignent toujours. Meantime it is we poor people who have to keep them. Oh, yes, the vicairre receives six hundred francs a year—he is old—but the young ones nothing, and our hands are always in our pockets." It is curious to hear such anti-Church opinions upon the borders of Spain and within so short a distance of Bayonne, where a few days past a very revolutionary sermon was listened to in the cathedral by a respectful and sympathetic congregation.

But it is always interesting to see the other side of the coin, and there is, no doubt, a good deal of truth in madame's grievances. She is obviously a very red republican, and she is also a shrewd and cynical old woman, quite as irreproachable probably in her own estimation as the *Servante de Marie* herself. "Tell me, mademoiselle," she continues, "in your country when you have buried your dead it is finished, is it not; your expenses are over?" I reply that this is so. "Ah, vous avez un autre bon Dieu que nous," she says with a sly twinkle in her hard eyes. "Here we have to pay all the time. Think of it, mademoiselle, 4 francs 50 centimes for each Mass into Monsieur le curé's pocket. To be buried is enough to ruin you," she continues with unconscious humor, "and to have your body taken into the church you must pay extra!" If you are contented with two clergy to officiate she admits that you can do it for less, but to be buried with only two clergy is obviously not at all *comme il faut*. My

thoughts turn involuntarily to a pathetic procession I have seen the day before wending its way under the oak trees up from the valley to a little church standing on the fortifications above a village. It was evidently a very humble funeral, and I find myself wondering whether Monsieur le curé under his umbrella, assisted by only one priest, was really so callous and so mercenary. My memory, however, rather retains the impression of a long *cortège* of shabby and weary mourners who have trudged so far to lay their dead under the ground with every sign of reverence, but with no superfluity of clergy. Madame recalls me to my obligations. "That is the organist who has just passed, mademoiselle; the bell is about to stop, and you must go." She has no intention of attending vespers herself, she has more important matters to attend to, but for the visitor it is another matter, and with such a tenor the vespers of the Sacred Heart are worth hearing.

An hour later as I climb rather thankfully into the train down below in the valley the clouds have all rolled away, and this last day of May is ending in a singularly lovely evening. The citadel stands out well above the houses of St. Jean Pied de Port, which are clustered on either side of the river. The slanting golden sunlight catches the windows here and there, shines upon a big gilt cross in the cemetery, and glints across the water through a row of poplars. Beyond, clear cut against the blue of the sky, towers a mighty bulwark of mountains through which runs the Pass of Roncevaux, on the road to Pampeluna.

The little station, which is the last on the way to Spain, is a scene of con-

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siderable activity this evening. Arrivals by the last train have been numerous, and the platform is crowded with mysterious bales of merchandise which are to be despatched by road over the frontier. It takes some time to get the outgoing train ready. At the end of a fête day there are many travellers, and much local gossip has to be exchanged with the officials. At the last minute Marthe and her family arrive, escorted by the fisherman and Mocha. It is a sleepy and rather fractious Marthe, with a dangling hood and limp uncovered curls, who is exhorted in vain to say polite things to the kind gentleman who has taken her out fishing. A flash of reviving interest appears in her adieux to Mocha, but she is glad enough to be hoisted by the patient *bonne* into the train and to find comfort upon that ample, solid shoulder. The little brother follows, docile as ever. He has helped to catch no fish, but has spent the afternoon in the stuffy inn, amusing himself in the mysterious fashion acquired by patient and unimaginative children, whilst the *bonne* has chattered with the landlady and the mother has slept upon the bed provided for her refreshment. Such is the injustice which from time immemorial has been awarded to the meek. But who can say that with his Basque patience and promise of future industry he may not some day inherit the earth?

The month of Mary is over. The hay is cut and the roses are falling. The fields have been duly blessed and must be left to ripen to the harvest, watched with all the faith and piety which, the old lady at St. Jean Pied de Port notwithstanding, still belong to an ancient and childlike people.

Rose M. Bradley.

FAMINE AND PESTILENCE.

A DIALOGUE.

Famine. Well met, my sister! It was a long way off that I saw through the heat-shimmer the black waving of thy skirts upon the low-most air.

Pestilence. Greeting, dear sister; this, then, is the place we were to meet at?

Famine. Yes, thou and I, with our kindly besoms, are to sweep this cumbered floor of India a little.

Pestilence. Well, I am ready; and I see the holy hunger gleaming in thy eyes, two pointed green brilliances behind the red ardor. We must await our Mother's signal I suppose?

Famine. As the sacred wont is. Till then let us talk awhile, for when the work begins, thou knowest our Mother enjoins silence. Come, sit, and ease thy shoulders of thy sack. What, my sister, thy sack is full of a notable writhing; they are hungry, thy little hounds? Which hast thou brought this time?

Pestilence. My favorite leash, Smallpox, Cholera and Black Death. Peace then, my plagues; this eagerness of yours is very dear to me, but do not tire yourselves with needless exertions. Your time is not far off—and then, dear sister Famine, when we are freeing the Human Will from a too great accretion of bodies, when we are clearing the path, thronged to choking, of man's progress, and unbafling the way to happiness and goodness, imagine the million-throated thanks greeting our welcome ministrations!

Famine. Ah, Pestilence, do not sneer about the horrible ingratitude of Man, for it is a matter very grievous to me, I could rebuke our Mother for setting us at such tasks among her chosen race as win us nought but cursing. And why do they curse and abhor us? Surely it needs not our grand view of affairs to see plainly that, since men

are such imprudent breeders, we and our operations are as necessary to them as air. If they must curse, let them curse our Mother, who made them too generous multipliers. Were we to go from among them, they would love us and implore our return, I warrant.

Pestilence. Thou speakest bitterly, sister, and unwisely. Thy ears have, I guess, been lately annoyed with ingratitude. Put aside thy anger, and tell me, dost thou not love Mankind?

Famine. Did I not love them, would I toil so for them, even to supererogation?

Pestilence. We both love them, and their return is hatred, fear, or—hardest to carry—such worship as they give to devils.

Famine. Yet if we left them alone, the world would be like a bottle full of wasps.

Pestilence. Yes, and happiness like the drop of treacle at the bottom, hidden by the swarms that crammed into the vessel of Being to taste it.

Famine. And, to push the matter to its extreme, what of mere food and room for activity—nay, what of the air itself, spoilt in the service of lungs beyond reckon, and no green herbage to regenerate it, all trees and grass padded into barren clay to make standing-room for men and their dwellings, the whole world a paved town? Man would hate man worse than angel hates devil. O why, why can they not see the necessity for us?

Pestilence. I cannot altogether believe that such an enormity would happen, dear impulsive sister. That tickle question, the birth-rate, might upset this calamity of thine. The calamity in my mind is a subtler, and I think a more horrible one. For this is certain: the greater the number of men,

the more each man has to struggle for existence; and the more he has to struggle, the more ignoble, petty, and twaddling becomes his life—the life of his mind, of his passions, and of his spirit. In a crowded world there can be no great way of living. As long as we keep down the numbers, man has a chance of becoming a soul worthy to look upon the stars. But if we do not keep them down—

Famine. Well, then, they should greet us with dance and song, as they welcome that pretty cheat, Spring.

Pestilence. Though most men think of us as active malevolences, mere enlarged enemies of humanity, some do dimly perceive, I suppose, that without us the race would come to a horrible marsh of weltering superfluity. But all, even these hate us; and I dare swear there is not a human being on this planet who, if the question were put, would not be in favor of our quitting. The reason is plain: the consequence of our abstention—that Man would become as filth on the earth—would not appear during the lives of any men now in the light; nor indeed in the lives of their near descendants, though it would come perhaps sooner than the wise among them imagine. Put the case, then, that our Mother took the vote of humanity regarding us, we should be expelled unanimously, for out of doubt the voters would gain some benefit, and would not in the least be harried by any imminence of the incredible ensuing woe—no, not by any the least notion of it; for it is beyond the devising of most human imagination. And even if it were not, the disaster being invisible and plainly not intended for their own heads, the voters would not take it into account. They themselves would benefit; that would be enough.

Famine. Can such baseness really be? Would they only consider their own persons?

Pestilence. I do not put it so low as that. I will even say, that in most cases they would be thinking of husbands and wives, mothers and fathers, and children, rather than of themselves.

Famine. They are then inferior to beasts that dwell together in a community. Wild swans, for an example at hazard, living by thousands in a swannery, the room and food of which must be limited, often produce far more young than their world can support. They therefore put away their own feelings, taking on themselves our duties amongst the human kind, and slay just so many of the cygnets as may reduce their numbers to the proper size; and so the interest of the community comes before individual loss.

Pestilence. The motive might, I think, be equally well considered to be the old birds' selfishness.

Famine. Not so; for then they would kill *all* the cygnets, and have plenty instead of just enough. It would be too much to expect the old birds voluntarily to make way for those young that overtax the swannery.

Pestilence. Quite so; but there is something among humanity that is in a way comparable to the swans' high-souled slaughter of cygnets. No doubt it has forced itself into thy notice. I mean the way the more fortunate of mankind assist us to remove their less fortunate brothers and sisters. And herein is the difference between their conduct and that of the swans. The men are not willing to let their own children be removed, but they are by no means averse from letting us sweep up other children, as long as their parents are in a lower class. I have heard some of the rich say, it was no bad thing that I should keep down the numbers of the poor; but it is not good at all if I send for one of their own kin. And the bare possibility that I may do so would drive them to vote, as I said, for our leaving the world al-

together, were such a thing conceivable Thou, of course, canst not ever come near the families of the rich, but I can occasionally manage to insinuate one of my messengers through a chink in their precautions. They are so eager to fence themselves from thee and me with redoubled surety, that they deprive the poor in their lands of any protection from us whatever. Consequently, as thou knowest, we both gather in civilized nations such a superb harvest from the children of poor folk, that it quite reconciles us to not much fingering the children of rich folk. In fact, it is a bargain between us and the rich; leave, say the rich, us unreaved, and you shall have double ingathering from the poor.

Famine. I often wonder whether my love for mankind be not a trifle unreasonable. If thou lookest closely at the creatures they are not so very lovable.

Pestilence. Thou, my sister, like most good workers, art but a moderate thinker. That zeal of thine to be doing, which pierces through the red glaze of thy eyeballs like sword-points of green fire, betrays that it is not thy use to sit pondering mysteries. I know indeed that thou must spend many a day weaving a vast perplexity of spells over the land thou hast taken into thy practice before thou, the mighty authentic Famine, canst begin walking abroad and plucking up men's lives. It is no simple job, but a huge complication—jarring the wheel of seasons, blighting of crops, borrowing from me murrain for the herds, flooding of rivers, clogging of roads to hinder transport, and guarding the fords with the hunger of alligators—a grand web of disasters to be made patiently and carefully before thou canst be sure of thy effects. But I arise from my lair in the fens, or from long resting in sewers or on rubbish-heaps, stalk into the middle of the populace which

has been devoted to me, and at once leisurely, with scant preparation, begin my shooting. I only have to raise my hands and direct my flights of maldady, and call them off when our Mother nods "Enough." So I have greatly more time for contemplation than thou hast.

Famine. Then explain me this. I have lately been much worried by the impudent contrivances of man to spoil, or at least hinder, my operations. These roads of steel lines, now, whereon carts are dragged by that wild thing Steam as if it were a harnessed horse—these railways I mean; thou wouldst not believe how they can make my devices nought. I may have a land in the best possible train for being hunger-starved—the flocks drowned by floods, the crops blighted and beaten into the mud by unseasonable hail, the stores of grain nigh empty, and what is left sprouting and ergotized, all the roads mere bogs; I bare my arms and kilt my robes ready for the days of swift running and hasty snatching of lives out of their bodies; I watch the bellies sinking and the ribs jutting and the eyes maddening; I am just on the point of starting my course; when lo! in come innumerable wagons laden with the plenty of prosperous acres a thousand leagues away, grains and breads, ay, and milch-cattle, medicines, and cordials. Man has beaten Famine! Of course, dear Pestilence, I do not imagine that I am really defeated; it is but temporary. I shall find a way to throw their engines of relief out of gear, to unhinge this momentary control. And there is scarce a city in the world where my contrivances are not even now pinching bellies. But two things are suggested to me. First, what is our Mother's purpose in permitting Man so to interfere with me, here in India, where the ground is already over-crowded? Second, this does not look like the selfishness thou wert

describing—only a most perilous ignorance.

Pestilence. As to selfishness, I would answer that were there such a thing as racial consciousness among men, as there is among bees, it were merely the humanity of the present hour striving to augment its total happiness at the expense of the humanity of the next two or three hours; however, the race of men is not conscious. My answer to the first springs out of that. Our Mother is giving men a quality that is the very destruction of racial consciousness; she is employing many means to increase the Individuality of men—it is now her main care. This she does by making Man more and more aware of his Self; and this permission of hers to oppose thee has that purpose. For self-awareness is fostered by allowing him to perceive and reason about those of her ministers who work on him, still more by even allowing him to oppose that work, or to delegate it to his own will. Also our Mother for the same purpose has implanted the faculty of Mercy in the nature of Man. The more use he makes of Mercy, the better is she pleased; for Mercy is a very bright illumination for Man's inward vision.

Famine. I am not quite with thee yet.

Pestilence. It is surely simple. Every race of beasts may be considered as an Absolute Monarchy. The whole tribe is in the grip of one grand Lust-to-Live, and it is impossible for any member of the tribe to question the rule and authority of this irresistible Crown. Whatever the king bids is done. This mode of being has been pushed to its furthest limits in such creatures as ants or bees or those swans of thine. But in Man, our Mother is trying a different course. The human race may be likened to a multitude of Autonomous Colonies. They have, indeed, a nominal Crown, a

general Lust-to-Live throned over the race, and they are perhaps loyal colonies; but every one is, within certain bounds, self-governing. Instead of the whole race having but one will, every man now has a conscious will of his own. And to the improvement of Man's individual conscious will, our Mother is devoting all her ministers, even us, Pestilence and Famine. Yet, on the other hand, I cannot see how Man can fail to deteriorate if his number increases much.

Famine. What hast thou been saying? This is near blasphemy, I think. Our use under the Mother is to keep down with beneficent slayings the numbers of mankind.

Pestilence. That was our use; and in the beginning of this talk I was pretending that so it is still. But it is not; we are no longer invincible to men. They get the better of us all over the world. Thou thyself hast confessed that thy webs of benevolent calamity are burst, and thy wise perishing hangers are filled, and nations taken out of thy devastating by the engines of men. Thou art not half the fear thou wert. Trust me, thou wilt in the end be utterly fooled. It may even come that the white men will not only defend foreign peasants from thy hands, but will warn thee off the poor of their own cities—it is not impossible, though I admit it looks unlikely. And then not in the whole width of the world will there be a human life twisting in vain from thy fingers. And am I any better off? No, my case is as thine. What with medicines, inoculations, surgeries, and cleanliness, my dogs are being made all as if they were fangless; they will soon do no more hunting for me. Look how men destroy, or make uninhabitable, the poor things' kennels, the swamps and the rank woods, the rubbish heaps and the middens. If any beast is found giving hospitality to my plagues, man straight-

way exterminates it. He noses me infallibly. He poisons my rats; he executes my flies and my midges, suffocating in ponds their swimming grubs under poured oil—ay, he drugs the very land if I but crouch in it. Where does all this human success point except to this, that in time man will have altogether conquered Pestilence and Famine? And I say that, from now on, our Mother is not using us to repress man's rash multiplication; she is setting us on to work only that Man may combat us and at last overcome us; that by so doing his will may acquire more potency and his individual self-awareness become more illuminated. Why she wishes man so to become, only she herself knows.

Famine. But this is horrible. Even suppose what thou sayest does happen, what good will it be when the whole ground of the world is stamped into barren streets, and every habitable clime is crawling with human beings? or dost thou mean that man will himself undertake our old duties?

Pestilence. That is possible; but I hardly think it will be so. Our chancy sister War, who has been doing a pretty riddance lately, may continue her slaughters; but, in the condition of mankind I foresee, it is improbable that her meddling will always be tolerated. She's a bloody-minded, loud-talking wench, and a messy worker; not as we are, quiet, clean, dispassionate. Then there is that squinting demon, Trade, who murders under the pretence of doing something else, no one knows what. I wonder men have not seen through her devilish flams and sent her back to the Hell she escaped from.

Famine. She has often given me help. But she is a rare ugly fiend; I have many a time sickened at her looks.

Pestilence. I advise thee to break such a foul alliance and spare thyself qualms. Well, the Man whom I per-

ceive will not endure her beastly domineering. She will go along with the cannon of War and the kindly contrivances of thee and me. In fact, Man's Will will conquer all its obstacles and triumph over everything except—itself.

Famine. I cannot imagine where thou art leading me. Am I really to believe that our Mother intends to give man absolute empery until he is damned in his own fertility?

Pestilence. No, I don't think so. Dimly I can see a way how the best achievements of man's will may be preserved, and yet the world may be relieved of too much throng, so that those achievements may be well and nobly used. I wonder if I have really guessed a little step into her purpose, or is it only an idle speculation? Of course, Man might limit himself by restraining in a powerful brake his own breeding propensity; but that such a thing should become general is, I think, less believable than what I am going to hint at. Also in some lands the birth-rate is naturally diminishing; but in others it is not. Anyway, hear my speculation. I may seem to contradict some of what I have said previously; I cannot help it; perhaps it is the better for that.

Famine. I do not suppose I shall notice it, if thou dost so.

Pestilence. In the first place, I must point out that, although in the end all kinds of the human race will share the triumphs of man's will, it is the White Man that has been the great deviser, and the great wielder of conscious will. He cannot kill the chances of our recurring visits to his own people without doing the same, unintentionally perhaps, for the other peoples. Now suppose that the White Man has acquired a will so mighty that it governs all its external circumstance: the point is, to what use will he put that government? In other words, though his will control the world, can it—can it

ever—control itself? Has it power over its own nature?

Famine. If, as thou sayest, it is conscious will, I suppose, Yes, it has.

Pestilence. I think that is really no reason for such an answer. And henceforth, please, by Will let us mean Conscious Will. Now this Will is not a simple entity. It is the resultant of a prodigious number of forces, reinforcing and conflicting. Somehow or other it has become self-conscious; it is its own instrument. We will say it can do what it likes; it can fashion everything to its lust. But its lust it cannot fashion. It can do what it wants, but perhaps it does not want aright. For the lust of the will is, in fact, its self-awareness; and to be conscious is not to know what consciousness is. Now suppose there be some inmedicable evil mixed into the consciousness of man, the lust of his will, giving it such a bias that it uses its victorious powers to its own destruction? Remember, I am speaking just now of the White Man only. Thou hast been in England?

Famine. Have I not?

Pestilence. Studying the way men live in England, the poor excuse they have for existence, together with the huge powers they have acquired over circumstance—studying these things has led me into much thought. Come with me now into an English town. What a prodigy has man's will made here! It has deliberately woven the multitudinous separate toillings of men into vast continuous nets wherein more easily and more completely to catch the forces of nature. In numberless factories men make with appalling expedition clothing, food, and other necessities. There are thronged workshops where ores are smelted and founded into engines for tillage, harvesting, spinning, weaving, and generally for dredging out of nature whatever is of use to man. Outside the

town are mines where they bleed the veins of the earth. And what is the good of all this power to these men? Why do they go on exercising it more and more? Is it in order to live nobler, larger, more passionate, more ecstatic, more beautiful lives? I believe not. They know not why they do these things, except that they obey the Lust of their Will. The more they do, the more their Will lusts for greater insane mastery over nature—insane, for it desires nought beyond mastery. They cannot stop their Will now; it cannot help using its potency. It is fastened into a habit; as a man would be who, finding it distasteful to eat mud, for the mere sake of overcoming forced mud down his gullet until his mouth discovered a hideous relish in the filth. Do men seem to be living joyfully or nobly in an English town? By "joyfully" I do not mean "not being mopish and glum"; I mean a very positive thing, a feeling that it is sheer ecstasy to have senses and emotions. Are men much aware of beauty in an English town? Look inside their factories, inside their homes. True, there is one form of beauty still left to them—beer; but it is a perilous form for men who have no other, and even that seems likely to be taken from them. For nothing else but mere mastery does their Will lust, and nothing else does it acquire. All other forms of desire, such as desire for Beauty and Joy, it esteems as obstacles to its main progress, to be pruned away ruthlessly, and if possible destroyed. And mind thee, these cities are but infancies, for the power of man's Will is only just beginning. But already the white man's will is an ignoble giant; it will soon become an ignoble god. Thou wilt say, perhaps, it may improve; these are but the ungainlinesses of growth. Well, I see no sign to make me think that. It looks to me as if incredible potency were married to incurably dis-

cased lust. Greater and greater will become the dominion of the white race's will, further and further removed from joy its life. It will hypnotize itself into a belief in its nobleness by jabber of "the strenuous life," "the gospel of work," "the supremacy of reason." Doubtless the men will better their bodily conditions by what they call Social Reform—another kind of hypnosis. But spiritual joy will be of no account among them—it is not of much account now. They will just go on obeying the blind lust of their will for mastery; they will go on stifling in the middle of their mad triumph, insanely exulting in their achievements, furiously swinking under roofs, scribbling in offices or shovelling round furnaces; and life will be of about as much value to them as it is to a squirrel paddling in a turning cage. And suddenly, like a lanced dropsy, or like an overweighted floor full of dry rot, the power of the white race will give; for there was no joy in it. Can anything stand that is not founded in joy, grown up with joy, and all its nature mastered by joy? We know full well it cannot. The huge stature of the white race straddling over the world will be seen to cringe, and its brave, insolent port to cower suddenly, as if age blasted it all in a moment; but it will be an anguish of self-hate falling upon it, as a burning coal falls on flesh.

Famine. And what then? Will it at last learn joy?

Pestilence. I think it will be too late. But some races will still have kept joy on their side; a remnant, perhaps, but

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powerful by reason of that alliance. Before the joy of the colored races, the white race will finally be as pale vapor is before the glee of the sun. It will pass away to make room for nations that know how to dance; leaving behind, it may be, whatever of good it has achieved for the use of men who can enjoy,—a heritage of powers that will at last come to be employed for Beauty and Delight and Worship. In fact, its own power will become to the white race a pestilence so terrible that my favorite leash, Small-pox, Cholera, and Black Death, will seem like three merry mischievous fleas compared to it. The European grasp will slacken from the world, and these nations will shrink together and dwindle. We have seen the white race eat, like a leprosy, upon the other races, and do them more harm than we ever did together, establishing factories where there were temples, work where dances were, clothing where was nakedness. In the coming time, when we are withdrawn to our Mother's side, we shall watch the tide shift, and mark the colored races not only recovering their own lands, but flowing in to possess the lands of the lazar white nations. And it seems to me not impossible that then we shall be bidden to resume our avocations.

Famine. I wonder, now, if thy view of the white race is not tinted by its numerous production of physicians?

Pestilence. Look, our Mother beckons us; it is time for work.

Famine. Come then; much scope remains to us as yet.

Lascelles Abercrombie.

AENEAS OF THE FORTY-FIVE.

BY THE COUNTESS OF CROMARTIE.

CHAPTER I.

Culloden was lost! Who knew it if not I, who had seen most of my clan blown to pieces by the English guns as we tried to break the enemy's line by sheer brute courage? I wondered in a vague sort of way, why I had not been killed, with many a better man, instead of sitting here in a wet ditch, with the head of Coll, my foster-brother, on my knee. Coll had lagged behind the retreat, being wounded, so it was my business to stay behind too; for, even if he had not been what he was to me, he was one of my men. I had dragged him with me as far as I could, and now we had taken refuge in the last resource of the hunted beast—a ditch.

The strange part of it was, I did not feel either the sorrow or the shame of defeat. I was too stunned. Coll and I had hunted and fought, played and worked, together since we were boys, and now Coll was dying, and I could not even feel sorry. The principal sensation I had was the knowledge that everything we held dear, everything in the world, had been wiped out as with a sponge, and that I, Æneas MacColla, had been wiped out of existence too, only leaving some one who sat in a cold and very damp ditch trying mechanically to pull his plaid round another figure that once long ago had been dear to him.

Far-away dreams were in my mind: my father's deathbed, the fierce old chief lying back in his great bed with blue curtains. He had waved away his weeping clansmen, and pulled me to him by the wrist. We had loved each other in our fierce, silent way; but we MacCollas of Innis Bala had little time for softness in our lives. My father had said that our remote

island, and our castle perched like an eagle's nest on the side of a ravine; had left us a thousand years behind the new ways that were growing in the world beyond us. And he had scorned any clan but his own. "Always remember," he growled at me as he lay dying—"always remember that *our* ships came to this land, and we held our heads high and rode our own horses when the Saxons, whom we are now trying to imitate, were naked barbarians." I had nodded and stroked his hand, a lump in my throat, and he went on wandering to the old tale that the clan hears from its infancy; how Æneas the Milesian got the land from the King of Erin for bravery in war. My father traced his descent so, son from son.

My mother had died when I was born. Twice he had mentioned her to me—once when I was a youth and had praised some girl to him, and once again on his deathbed. "You've got her mouth," he said to me; then, using the familiar *thou* in Gaelic, "her mouth and her smile; may'st thou know such good love, Æneas dear!" Then he had turned, a smile on that fine dark face of his—such a smile I had never seen there before—as he stretched out his arms towards where the storm outside was battering the window. "My little one!" he said, and that was all, for he fell back dead. And so I was chief in his stead, and naturally lived a life as near to his as I could—a wild life, a happy life, a life that would never come again—never again. Hares and foxes would breed, and eagle and raven would flap over the ruins of the old castle, and the last descendant of Æneas the Milesian sat shivering in a ditch.

I tried to lift Coll's head to an easier

position against my knee. He did not seem able to breathe easily, and a thin trickle of red showed at one corner of his mouth. I thought of Coll's wife, a pretty little woman, and his mother, white-haired and brave, both waiting in the little thatched house by the sea. Well, many mothers would be waiting in Innis Bala. The thought stirred that stunned numbness of my heart into pain.

"Coll!" I said; then, "Brother, speak to me."

His eyes opened wearily. He looked very young and very tired. I was the same age as he was to a day, and I am sure I looked old. I felt as if I had sat in that ditch for years upon years.

His voice came in a husky little whisper: "MacColla!" Then he choked and stopped, but his eyes spoke to me piteously. They said quite clearly, "No more shall we hunt on our hills, thou and I, for the old days have departed." He clasped my hand feebly. I bent my head and kissed his forehead. Even as I did it he shivered, stretched, and lay still, and I—I sat dry-eyed.

In past days, had Coll died in my arms like that, I believe I could have howled like a dog; but now I could not feel. Everything was dead—why not Coll? Again I thought of Coll's wife at home. Mixed with the thought of her came the thought of wild little Eelin, daughter of Fergus MacFergus, Lord of Rathmer, with whom my father had had a quarrel that led to a feud between our two clans; but now proud old Lord Fergus lay stiff on Culloden Moor.

My first meeting with Eelin had been in this wise. I had been hunting near Rathmor's country, when I saw a flutter of red among the rocks on the top of a great corrie; so I sank down and crawled, hidden by the heather. The flutter of red was a girl's dress—a short homespun kirtle. Above the red skirt

she wore a deerskin doublet like a boy's. She lay flat on the heather, taking shots at a rock with a long silver-barrelled Spanish gun. The brown curls of her hair had blown loose from the snood that fastened them. She was evidently shooting badly, for, with a gesture of vexation, she suddenly tore the snood off her head and rose. The curling dark-brown hair fell in a great cloud down to her waist and over the sweetest face I had ever seen. She reminded me of tales of the Sidhe-folk the first moment I set eyes on her. I arose and faced her. The next instant the gun was levelled square at my chest. I looked down at her; her head came about to where the skean hung at my belt.

Then she spoke. "You are Æneas MacColla?"

"I am; but I thought it was truce between us," I said. "If not, I am sorry."

She lowered the gun, and looked me up and down apprehensively. Then we both laughed.

It was thus Eelin's shooting-lessons began. It all came back to me now—that odd, stolen friendship of ours. She was as unlike the usual run of women as wine is unlike water; she was as innocent and as brave as the wild, free life we both led could make her. Likewise, she was wise in all sorts of knowledge that is leaving the world now. She could read the twisted, crabbed Greek and Latin of the old books that lay scattered about my own home and about Rathmor as easily as I could myself. She knew every tradition and old belief—God knows how old—about her folk and mine. Often, as I searched for her among the scattered rocks, I have heard her singing, in that sweet little piping voice like a lark, some strange song, with the splashing pull of oars in it—such a song as the rowers of Æneas the Milesian might have sung when they crossed the seas.

It had all begun with those lessons in marksmanship. At the beginning I thought of her as a man would think of a pretty child or a little boy in whom one took an affectionate interest. Then our clans were on the verge of fight again.

"I can't come any more, MacColla," she said one day.

"No," I answered, "I suppose not;" and my voice was hoarse.

Suddenly I knew I could make it open battle. She was there at my mercy. I could take her to my home, and then old Fergus would storm and my father would laugh. But then something stopped me, and we went on shooting at a piece of upstanding rock far below us.

"Look," I said grimly when she had made a very bad shot; "pretend that rock is Æneas MacColla riding past down there; you could shoot me easily so far."

Her chin quivered like a child's when it is going to cry.

I flung myself down beside her and took the gun. Then I spoke again: "Why are your hands trembling so, little one? Are you cold?"

"I am shooting badly to-day," she said piteously.

"Listen to me," I said. "What shall I do without thee? I want thee more than the world wants the sun!" It sounds strange in English; but that is what I said.

When I recovered my wits we talked. I spoke of the coming skirmish with her people; and then, "Come!" I said; "come!"

"I should like to," she said wistfully; "but—my father"—

"Very well," I said; "you settle your father, dear, and I will speak to mine."

It was pitch-dark when I got home that night.

"I can't make peace, Æneas. I am sorry," said my father. "I won't make

peace; and be pleased to keep your son off my land," said Fergus. And so it was either a wedding by capture or no wedding at all.

Then my father had died. Of course we met again more than once, and I had meant to take her with me next time, when down upon us came Cul-loden, and blood-feuds had to be swallowed. At least ours were; others were not, more's the pity.

And now it was all over I must go home. So I arose and went. In a vague sort of dream I had covered Coll's body as well as I could with earth and dead, wet bracken—poor Coll—yet my eyes were dry, and my heart like lead in my breast.

CHAPTER II.

My going home was so like the going home of many others that I will not describe the long journey. It was the journey of a hunted wolf, hiding by day and travelling by night. I got home, to see our old castle on the rock still smouldering; and among the far hills what was left of my clan awaited me. My heart was sick when I crossed the threshold of Coll's house. I felt the trembling arms of my old foster-mother round my neck; her voice came with the fierce bravery that our women could show then.

"My boy fought well, chief?" she asked.

"Well!" said I. "Oh, mother, if it had only been me instead!"

But she shook her head, stroking my cheek. The poor little wife rocked herself to and fro, weeping softly. What could a man say to her? I did what I could. But she only said, "Men *will* fight; but why has my man gone?"

They gave me food and drink, and I departed, though the old woman begged me to stay. But I would not. Through that icy numbness that held me I could see little Eelin—her father dead, her kinsmen dead or scattered. She would

be all alone. From the scared host of a roadside inn I borrowed a horse and rode to Rathmor.

Rathmor was not burned—not yet. I beat with the butt of my pistol on the barred door. It was opened furtively by an old woman. She cursed me, for the clansfolk of Fergus hated us MacCollas. But I entered with never a word. It was growing dark. The hall looked unspeakably dreary. I thought I could see the ghost of old Fergus glaring at me out of the darkness.

Then *she* came quietly, like a little shadow. I had often thought of my coming to this place with armed men at my back—not like this. Never a word we spoke; but I took her into my arms and dropped into one of the chairs by the hearth, where a fire smouldered fitfully.

Then she spoke, with a sob. "Æneas! poor Æneas! I am sorry—so sorry."

Not a word for her own trouble, only sorrow for mine. That hand of ice round my heart seemed to snap. I hid my face against the little figure I held, and wept—wept for the horrible, bitter shame and defeat of it all. And she stroked my hair with tender hands, murmuring soft, sweet words of pity and comfort.

"Thy dear black curls are all tangled," she said tremulously. "I must take care of thee, Æneas. I will get old Sheen to make the guest-chamber ready for thee, and we will eat together, and"—The brave, sweet voice broke and stopped.

I pulled myself together and looked up. "I am not fit to touch thee, darling, and I have made thy pretty dress all wet," I said, thinking of my own disreputable appearance.

With a very ill grace old Sheen got me a bath and clean raiment. Almost I shrank from putting it on. It had belonged to old Lord Fergus. "Perhaps he would not mind—now," I

thought as I made my way down the winding stairway into the hall, where a hundred men could feed.

To-night there were only Eelin and myself. She had put on a white dress, tied with a black ribbon about the slender waist; another black ribbon tied back the curly hair. I knew that the black was for her dead father, her ruined clan. The white dress was for me. Against the shadows in the old hall her little face shone as white as her dress, and there were dark shadows under her eyes. But her eyes!

We had each other; that was enough, even amid sorrow, we both knew. It was a strange meal. Old Sheen served us, and—Holy Saints! how the old woman hated me! She could have plunged a knife in my back if it had not been for Eelin's presence. We took little notice of her. As I spoke of that black day of Culloden, Eelin clung to me and hid her face against my breast. I heard a hissed curse behind us, very low, but deep. And the poor child shivered. I think she had been afraid of Sheen when they were left alone in the house.

I turned and spoke sternly. "Is not the feud over between us *now*? Her clan and mine marched shoulder to shoulder, so why hate me still?"

The old woman answered simply, "Your father killed my man, Æneas MacColla. Is that no reason for hate? Sooner would I see the child here dead than in your arms. Nothing but a curse can come of it."

"Then the curse I will take, if it is his," said Eelin very quietly. "Go thou to bed, Sheen, and let us be."

She nodded grimly and went.

I suppose it was about midnight when one of my men stumbled into the hall, gasping, "The soldiers! Come, MacColla, to the hills!"

"Yes, go," said Eelin, and tried to push me to the door.

"Is it likely I go and leave you alone here?" I said. I looked at old Sheen, who had entered. For very little she would give me up—I knew that.

Then she spoke. "There's the hiding-place, MacColla; it will hold three men. I will wait here, for I shall come to no harm. I am old." She showed me the glint of a knife under the plaid she had thrown about her. She looked down at Eelin with a sneer. "When I was young as my lady here I killed a MacColla like a dog with this very knife," she said.

"Oh woman!" said little Eelin, "even so shalt thou die if he comes to harm through thee." Then she clung to Sheen's arm suddenly. "Sheen, for my mother's sake"—

"Hush, dear!" I said. "I do not think Sheen will betray me."

Sheen did not betray me for all her hate of me. She lifted the trap of the hiding-place near the stairway, and we scrambled into it—Eelin, my clansman from the hills, and I. It was pitch-dark and very cold. We heard the clatter of horses come to the door, heard the officer in charge of the troop shout that there was a horse in the stables.

Then the search began. I heard old Sheen say, "They are all dead," to any questions. They tramped over our hiding-place, then obviously settled down for the night in the hall. Sheen had flung the remains of our repast into the fire. So the horse was the only witness against me, and possibly they thought his owner was dead by battle or rope by now. We heard distinctly every word spoken below us in the hall. They discussed my life and character—also my death, if I was not yet dead—with a freedom that, I felt, was not fit for Eelin to hear. I had never known before what a dangerous, vicious, and untamable barbarian I was considered. I felt Eelin shivering against me, and I suddenly realized

how this bitter defeat had broken her fearless spirit, at least for a time. My clansman had resigned himself to the inevitable, and gone to sleep. He snored once, and I kicked him, so that he awoke with a start.

"Sleep quietly, or not at all," I said, and he obeyed me. Either he kept awake or slept quietly. I could not see in the black darkness.

I sat in a corner of the hiding-place, my back against the stone wall. Being so tall was a disadvantage in there. I had taken Eelin on my knee and wrapped her close in my plaid. I told her to sleep, but she could not, being too anxious. At last came day, and they departed.

The next morning we took to the hills. Sheen went to a daughter who lived in the glen below us. Eelin was once more outwardly the little wild thing that had levelled her gun at my heart on the hillside of Rathmor. She wore the same red skirt, the same boy's doublet. The rest of her belongings Conan, my clansman, carried on his back, for we were bound for the great hill-cave, three hundred feet above, where the sea had splashed the foundations of Innis Bala. Poor Coll and I had often camped there when we hunted among the hills. It was invisible save to those who knew it, for the birches grew so thick over it that in autumn its door was covered with curtains of gold and in winter with the bare hanging branches of the birch trees and the bracken that grew waist-high.

In this hole we installed ourselves, little Eelin and I. Forty men out of my ruined clan camped in the smaller caves that flanked the big one. For the rest, it was the wildest wedding that ever chief of my race had had when Eelin put her little hands in mine, and I kissed her and called her wife under the crossed swords of two

of my cousins, who had ridden, with their lives in their hands, to the wedding of the last MacColla of Innis Bala. Some days before we had seen the far-off smoke of the burning of Rathmor. We had been after game, Eelin and I, among the pathless hills, where we knew our enemies would never come. If they had, they would have to come in single file by the narrow ravine below us. I could have shot them as they came easily. From there we saw a faint line of distant smoke.

Chambers's Journal.

Eelin would not go. She watched, very quiet and pale, her tiny hand gripping mine. "Æneas!" she whispered—and I put my arms about her and held her close—"thou wouldst not have burned it if the feud had not ended?"

And I answered, "No, dear, no; but I would have taken thee."

She smiled a little through the tears in her eyes.

(To be concluded.)

"THE EARTH WITH HER BARS."

The literature of the ancient Jews remains the greatest witness to man's capacity for religious perception, but nowhere are the limits of that perception more passionately expressed. "Did ever people hear the voice of God speaking out of the midst of the fire, as thou hast heard, and live?" asked the lawgiver who understood the genius and the destiny of his race. Yet another prophet proclaimed with no less authority: "The earth with her bars was about me for ever." These two ideas, the idea of divine inspiration and of human limitation, color almost every page of the Old and New Testaments. The nation was preoccupied with the thought of God. For the Jew wisdom began with the fear of the Lord. The knowledge of God was the foundation of all knowledge, the only thing worth seeking with a man's heart and soul and strength. They were fools who said there was no God, men aberrated mentally and morally. The heroes of Jewish history are the "prophets of God," who best interpreted the religious experience of the people, who gave voice to the public conscience, condemned the backslidings of the multitude, and kept the nation in mind of its spiritual separation.

That he might fit himself for the knowledge of God, the Jew conformed to a law which permeated every moment of his life and prescribed his every movement. In each political calamity, in each personal sorrow, in all success and in all failure, he looked for the hand of God. The history of his world and the story of his daily life became a record of divine discipline. But, like all preoccupation, his religious obsession blinded him at times to things as they are. He was so certain that righteousness ought to prosper that he could not see that very often it produced worldly disaster. He began to think that prosperity proved virtue and misfortune misconduct. In his meticulous observance of rules he forgot the principles of which they were but the minute applications. "It is not the moral law because it is written. It is written because it is the moral law," is a truth outside the grasp of the average devout man, even when he comes of a race distinguished for religious genius. Thus the Jew materialized his religion, and "the earth with her bars" set a limit to his spiritual attainment. Nevertheless, among the greater minds there never wanted spokesmen of the Lord, who reminded men that conformity to a

system was not true and laudable service, that sacrifice was neither more nor less than a symbol, and that the eternal truth that "though a sinner do evil an hundred times . . . it shall be well with them that fear God," was not overthrown by the success of the tyrant or by the "pitiful sighing" of the poor. It is only the seer who dares to be inconsistent. The multitude must have logic, or they will have nothing. God ruled, they said, and God is righteous. The triumph of virtue was but the logical consequence of an inward certainty. In vain Job declared, as Paul declared after him, that the thoughts of the Creator are not explicable by men, that "the earth with her bars" forbade them to judge of the purpose of God. The people built monuments to the prophets who pointed to the truth, and once more blindfolded their own eyes with a worn-out theory.

By the Crucifixion overt success was proved for ever useless as a measure of goodness. Christianity, however, did not supply the world with any answer to the problem of pain; rather, in proving that no solution lies in the word "punishment," it further involved the question. Christ nowhere broke the bars of ignorance by which we are hemmed in. He has been the consolation of the Western world, and in their Christ-inspired confidence in God religious people often forget how little He has satisfied their curiosity. Why do the good suffer? He suffered also, He "tasted death for every man," but He did not say. Where are the dead? The Gospel affords no answer, except that they are alive, and that when our time also is finished we must commend our spirits into the hands of God the Father, Who is the God of the living. We cannot conceive of a disembodied spirit. "With what body do they come?" men asked St. Paul; and the Roman Jew to whom Christ had re-

vealed His relation to God, and who, whatever his occasional agonies of mind, his occasional fears lest he himself might be a castaway, yet felt

Through all this early dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness,

replied "Thou fool," and, conscious of the omnipresence of the life-giving God, proceeded to elaborate an analogy. His conviction remains convincing; his argument belongs to the past. We feel that we were indeed fools to ask. "The earth with her bars" precludes an answer; but the voice of God, speaking out of the midst of the fires of religious passion, once more proclaims the sure and certain hope.

It has been said by a learned exponent of modern Judaism (Mr. Israel Abrahams) that "Judaism never attempted to define God at all." "He is the Great, the Mighty, the Awful, the Most High, the King. But He is also the Father, Helper, Deliverer, the Peacemaker, Supporter of the Weak, Healer of the Sick." But, above all, He "is nigh them that fear him." Almost the same words might be used of the conception of God presented to us in the Gospel. Our Lord accentuated one aspect of the prophet's conception, He did not deny the others. In His parables He implied them all, but He never attempted any philosophical definition of Deity whatever. The religion of the Gospels and the theology of the schoolmen represent opposite types of thought. Our Lord accepted the fact that finite minds cannot grasp the infinite. The Creator of the universe, who is "above all, and through all, and in you all," does, indeed, make Himself manifest to the human soul; but the human mind can express its experience of the divine in metaphor only. "The earth with her bars" forbids that we should do more than this.

Again, it is impossible for the average man to give more than a part of

his attention and consideration to the subject of the supernatural. His duty lies within the bars of earth. He must by very mundane work support himself and those dear to him. In the course of that work he must of necessity encounter innumerable temptations, to some of which it seems inevitable that he should succumb. "It must needs be that offences come," said Christ, and He would not pray for any of those whom He desired to deliver from evil that they should be taken out of the world. A great part of His teaching is concerned with the means of reconciliation between the divine and human spirits after that conscious rebellion against the divine command which constitutes sin. He came, "not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." It is useless to blink the difficulties of Christian teaching on this subject. "To whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little," said Christ, and it is a hard saying for all its infinite graciousness. We cannot wish it blotted out from the Book. It rings true to the ear of the soul. But when we turn it into logic, and ask, Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound, we are constrained to exclaim with St. Paul, "God forbid!" or else we should deny the whole spirit of the Gospel. Free will and predestination are not the only indubitable truths which the limits of the human mind—"the earth with her bars"—forbids us to reconcile here.

The Spectator.

But it may be said,—If the very conditions of our nature prevent all logical and all scientific proof of the great doctrines of religion, surely the attitude of the agnostic is the only rational attitude. There is, we would reply, a form of agnosticism which is not incompatible with faith. St. Paul expressed in one sentence the mental position of thousands of devout thinkers to-day: "If any man think that he knoweth any thing, he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know. But if any man love God, the same is known of him." If religion consisted in nothing but man's effort by searching to find out God, "the earth with her bars" would make of the search nothing but a recurrent tragedy, the perpetual attempt of man to support himself upon the staff of a creed which his own advance in civilization is for ever breaking in his hand. But religion, and above all the Christian religion, is not primarily a creed, otherwise our Lord would have left us a formula of belief. It is primarily a Communion. Man's desire for the knowledge of God is not in the first instance a call, it is an answer. For God Almighty the bars of earth have no restrictive force. Neither ignorance nor sin has power to prevent the divine influence. To realize this is to perform the great act of faith, to make the great surrender not of the mind but of the spirit, and upon this faith the creeds are but commentaries.

THE REVOLUTION IN RAILWAY POLICY.

The railway question is rapidly forcing itself to the front as the greatest of our internal economic problems. It hardly needed the recent working agreement between the London and North-Western and the Midland lines to accentuate its gravity. But that

vast combination, following hard upon the amalgamations that are bringing all the North British roads under a single harmonious direction, is a vivid proof that what is nothing less than a new situation in our national transport policy has arisen. It is a situation

equally complex and momentous, and it deserves the best thought that our Parliament and our people can give to it. Were popular discussion of economic subjects more habitual with us, the impending crisis in the British railway system, long discerned by a few, would be by now a commonplace of national debate. Its main features have been shaping themselves for many years past, and the need for bringing them into perspective must soon prove irresistible. The fact can no longer be disguised that the English railways are in a bad way, and that a few years from now their internal management and their relations to the State and to the trader will be as contentious an issue in British as they long have been in American politics. The market values of their stock have shrunk by millions of pounds; the return upon the enormous capital invested in them barely averages three-and-a-quarter per cent.; the shareholders complain of decreasing dividends; the directors complain of a vast increase in rates, of a growing difficulty in raising money, and of the new demands made upon them by their employees; the shippers complain not less vigorously that the freight charges on the British lines are among the heaviest in the world; and, taking the kingdom as a whole, railway construction and extension have almost come to a standstill, or advance with timid and petty strides. The result of these conditions is that the railway companies, under an inexorable economic pressure, are consolidating their interests and eliminating competition. The movement is a natural one, and on very many grounds we approve it. But it is important to realize that it threatens the final breaking down of the peculiar compromise which hitherto has governed the attitude of the State towards these great public utilities.

There are, roughly, three main lines

on which the railway policies of the world have proceeded. Either the State, as in Germany, owns and operates the railways, or, as in America, it tries the experiment, always a fatal one, of leaving them to their own devices, or, as in Great Britain, it attempts to combine private ownership with a larger or smaller degree of governmental control. On this latter basis the British railway managers have built up a system which, for speed, comfort, convenience, and, above all, for safety, ranks, and justly ranks, with the best that any country has evolved. Constructed by private capital under the protection of a Legislature, managed by private individuals under the scrutiny, more or less effective, of a Government department, the British railways represent what is probably the happiest blend that the circumstances permit, of individual initiative acting and expanding beneath official supervision. It is a relationship not without its great virtues. Hardly one of the more serious defects of the American system can flourish under it. There can be no "one-man control," no raising of fresh capital or issue of stock without the sanction of the Board of Trade, no cut-throat competition of the unrestrained character with which Americans are familiar, no arbitrary fixing of freight and passenger rates, no evasion of responsibility for accidents, and no over-riding of minority shareholders. Such are some of the negative advantages which the British plan of modified State control was expected to secure, and, by comparison with the experience of America, has, in fact, very largely secured. But to compare the British lines with the American, from the standpoint of public policy, is to compare them with one of the worst systems that is anywhere in operation. In actual practice the theory of the British scheme is heavily discounted

by the strength of the railway interests in Parliament, by the virtual impossibility of an individual trader obtaining any redress against exorbitant rates, by the unorganized condition of British agriculture, by a general want of flexibility and progressiveness in English railway management—the statistical departments, in particular, are almost wholly behind the age—by the prevalence of competition to a degree which, though it spares us its worst iniquities, is still an excessive and needless burden on shareholders and shippers alike, by the abuse of proxies at the meetings of the companies, and by the ever-increasing complexity of railway rates and the proportionate difficulty—practically the impossibility—of supervising them.

What it comes to is that the British system of partial State regulation, while successful at many points, in safeguarding against accidents especially, has now all but exhausted its mandate. It has rescued the country from the manipulations of a Hudson or a Harriman, but it has not yet hit upon the mean which will assert the supremacy of public interests without imposing too great a load upon the railways. Moreover, it is but too clear that with every year that passes the State is losing ground while the railways gain it. Such combinations among the companies as have recently taken place are admittedly in the line of industrial progress, and if—it is a

The Nation.

large “if”—the economies that should be effected are devoted to the improvement and extension of the railway system of the country, traders will have no tangible ground of complaint. But such combinations have also the effect of greatly increasing the power of the railways as against the power of the State; and a small interlocked federation of companies controlling all the trunk lines in the Kingdom and most of the branch lines would form a monopoly against which the present weapons of the Railway Commissioners and the Board of Trade would effect little. Yet this, or something like it, is the situation which is being formed; and we have only to glance at America, where some half-a-dozen men hold the common carriers of the country in the hollow of their hands, use them as chips in the game of Wall Street finance, and make them the centre of a vast ramification of private industrial and financial interests, to realize that it is a situation full of public peril. It is true there are many safeguards in Great Britain that the United States does not possess, and that no railway monopoly here would be likely to prove as unscrupulous, as corrupt, or as domineering as the American “magnates.” None the less the State must arm itself betimes. It cannot, in our judgment, effect very much more in the future than in the past, so long as public control is dissociated from public ownership.

LETTER-WRITING.

What a curious charm lingers about a bundle of old letters! These closely written faded sheets, with their cracked seals bearing little floral emblems of quaint mottoes bring back the past so vividly that the very writers themselves seem to step back once

more to their former surroundings, and we almost feel we knew them intimately, though in reality they are long forgotten, or recorded, alone, perhaps by some mouldering epitaph in an unknown village church. But it is not romance that invests these old letters

with their chief charm; it is their striking individuality, their own inherent virtues as letters. In this twentieth century the art of letter-writing is sick unto death—the combined attack of the penny postage, the telephone, and the picture postcard has dealt it a blow from which it will never recover. We have no time—or so we persuade ourselves—nowadays for letter-writing. When we are abroad on our travels we send our friends postcards with a view of a foreign hotel or a railway station, to show them the extent of our tour. We have no time or inclination to send home those pleasant, intimate, chatty letters that our grandparents wrote, full of their own impressions, lightened here and there by a humorous anecdote, and concluding with good old-fashioned declarations of "esteem" from an absent friend. The typewriter, too, has robbed our letters of much of their personality. One cannot write gossiping, irresponsible chatter by mechanical means.

"Lord! how I have babbled!" said Sir Phillip Sidney at the close of one of his letters; but how thankful we are for these babblings of other days that come down to us full-fraught with memories, strong in an individuality so remarkably lacking in our modern lucubrations of the pen. How was it, one wonders when reading old letters, that our ancestors wrote so well? How was it that they succeeded in interesting those to whom they wrote, and in putting so much of themselves into their letters? Until to-day, when I untied the frayed riband of a bundle of old family letters and slowly perused them in the twilight, the writers were merely vague shadowy personages, of whom I had heard from infancy. Some of them, it is true, looked down upon me from their canvases upon the walls, pompous men in all the bravery of past attire, and smiling ladies who had trimmed their rose-gardens and su-

perintended their still-rooms, and spun their table-linen, as women used to do. But until I read their letters they were nothing but flickering shadows. Now they are vivid realities, and I feel I know them well and see into their lives. There were noble and ignoble souls among them. There are those whose hands I should like to grasp, if they would but pay me a stealthy visit, and others to whom I would fain speak my mind in no measured words. But though dead, they live again as we shall never live, even though our letters be preserved for many a century to come.

If our great-grandparents should return for the nonce and write us letters, I wonder what we should do with them? They would contain a good deal of advice, for in those days the old were venerated and their experience valued. They might even contain some sentiment, some poetry, which would certainly be declared "bad form." Moreover, there would be a sense of humor, which we should regard as "side"—humor is purchased at the bookstall in pennyworths nowadays! I fear these good people would be sadly puzzled by the modern letter-writing, and I doubt if they would appreciate our slangy invitation to "come in and have some grub," or approve of the young lady's letter which consisted of six lines, and in which the word "ripping" occurred five times! It is a case of *autres temps, autres mœurs*, and in some matters the change is not always for the better.

Of late there has been an epidemic of love-letters, and in fiction the young woman has laid bare her soul with admirable candor, but these letters do not always ring true, they are too obviously rehearsed to carry conviction. Real life has far more touching histories hidden away in the forgotten letters that lie discarded in ancient bureau or secret drawer, letters written

by flesh-and-blood men and women in periods of stress and storm, full of a pathos that does often lie "too deep for tears." There have been many famous letter-writers of the past, and some have not written without an eye to the judgment of posterity. A charming passage occurs in a letter of Donne's, which, though far removed from any striving for effect, delights one by its homely picturesqueness. "I write from the fireside," he says, "in my parlor, and in the noise of three gamblesome children; and by the side of her whom, because I have transplanted into a wretched fortune, I must labor to disguise that from her by all such honest devices, as by giving her my company and discourse; therefore I steal from her all the time which I give this letter, and it is therefore that I take so short a list, and gallop so fast over it."

The man of to-day, it is true, would take a far shorter list, and find an excuse in the fact that "the kids are kicking up such a row." A touching letter was that written by Sir Walter Raleigh to his wife on the night before he expected to be beheaded at Winchester, in 1603. "To what friend to direct thee I know not," he says, "for all men have left me in the true time of trial, and I plainly perceive that my death was determined from the first day." One of the most beautiful letters ex-

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tant was that written by Joan Pelham, when in her husband's absence she was besieged in Pevensey Castle in the reign of Henry IV. It commences as follows: "I recommend me to your high lordship with heart and body and all my poor might, and with all this I thank you as my dear lord, dearest and best beloved of all earthly lords, I say for me, and thank you, my dear lord, with all this that I say before of your comfortable letter that ye send me from Pontefract." Continuing, the writer relates how she is "laid in manner of a siege . . . so that I may nought out, nor none victuals get me but with much hard." "Farewell, my dear lord," she concluded, "the Holy Trinity you keep from your enemies, and soon send me good tidings of you. Written at Pevensey in the Castle on St. Jacob day last past, By your own poor J. Pelham."

Such letters as these one might be justly proud of, but the telephone and the picture postcard were unknown, and doubtless Joan Pelham in her moated castle and Raleigh in his prison house had ample time for thought. And maybe in those troublous day's men's thoughts were deeper, their feelings stronger, even if their pens were less ready and their grammar far from faultless.

P. M.

THE HAUNT OF THE STONE CURLEW.

BY CANON JOHN VAUGHAN.

Among the birds in which Gilbert White took a special interest the Stone Curlew or Norfolk Plover must be given a foremost place. His description of this "handsome tall bird," as Sir Thomas Browne, the famous naturalist and antiquary, calls it, "remarkably eyed, and with a bill not above two inches long," still remains a classical passage on the species. He speaks of

the Stone Curlew, in a letter written in 1768, as occupying "the high elevated fields and sheep walks" about Selborne. "Some of them," he adds, "pass over my house almost every evening after it is dark, from the uplands of the Hill and North Field, away down towards Dorton, where, among the streams and meadows, they find a greater plenty of food." He repeat-

edly refers to their "short quick note," and in one of his poems on a summer evening's walk he "hears the clamorous curlew call his mate."

A hundred and forty years have passed by since White wrote of the Stone Curlew "in manners analogous to the bustard" as "bounding in all the campaign parts of Hampshire and Sussex," and those years have seen great changes in the conditions of country life. Many of the vast stretches of barren wold and downland have been put under the plough or otherwise invaded by modern improvements. Steam-engines and mowing-machines break the silence of the country-side, and railways run through the ancient solitudes. And these changes have considerably affected the distribution of birds. Many of the haunts of the Stone Curlew have been rudely disturbed, and its numbers in consequence diminished. In one of his charming papers Mr. Hudson laments the disappearance of the bird from the Sussex downs, where in White's time it "abounded." Professor Bell, who for thirty years occupied the naturalist's old home at Selborne, tell us that during that long period he had never once seen a Stone Curlew alive or dead. In Yorkshire, too, the species is reported to be far scarcer than in former years.

In spite, however, of Professor Bell's statement, the Stone Curlew continues to maintain its position in Gilbert White's old country, and in undiminished numbers. Most of the lonely uplands and unfrequented sheep-walks of Hampshire are tenanted by two or three pairs of this exceedingly shy and retiring bird, whose weird and plaintive cry is so entirely in keeping with its surroundings. In the hilly district of the north, called by Mr. Dewar the Hampshire Highlands, in the neighborhood of Selborne, on the chalk downs around Winchester, along the ridge of high barren land which stretches from

Butser to Old Winchester Hill, indeed on most of the exposed uplands where "solitude and silence reign," the Stone Curlew, from March to Michaelmas, may be found.

One lonely haunt of this strangely fascinating bird is intimately known to the writer. Far away from any village or hamlet, in the heart of the chalk country, where the ground rises to some six hundred feet above the sea level, a deep dip or depression in the downs falls away to the south-west. Not a cottage or homestead is visible from the sequestered spot, where the silence is broken only by the distant sound of the sheep-bell or the mournful wail of the peewit. The name of the nearest farm, which nestles beside a wood some little distance away, bears witness to the loneliness of the situation. It is known by the picturesque name of Lone Barn, and another farm a mile to the north is called in an ancient document Lonemore. To the breezy upland which stretches between Lone Barn and Lonemore several pairs of the Stone Curlew return every spring. The trough-like depression cut out of the down is their favorite haunt and nesting-place. The sides of the hollow are seamed with rabbit-burrows, and innumerable gray flints are scattered over the turf. Dwarf elder-bushes, and stunted thorns thickly clothed with shaggy lichens, are dotted over the down, on the ridge of which stand several noble yew-trees. The short turf is starred with wildflowers, and in July, when the young birds are running about among the gray stones, the yellow lotus or Bird's-foot Trefoll and the purple thyme make a brave show. In places, where the soil has been thrown up by the rabbits, a few foxgloves are conspicuous, and several species of our wild orchids may be found.

Very difficult of approach is the Stone Curlew. Its large yellow goggle

eyes seem to see in every direction, and on the slightest indication of danger, the scream of a blackbird, the cry of a peewit, the sudden scuttle of a rabbit, the birds steal silently away, or crouch down motionless on the ground among the gray flints, where it is very difficult to discern them. Still, by dint of much careful stalking, taking advantage of the contour of the ground, the way of the wind, and the shelter of every thorn-bush, it is possible, especially in nesting-time, to make the acquaintance of these strange birds in their native haunts. Several times during the past spring and summer have I watched at close quarters through a field-glass the Stone Curlews in the hollow near Lonemore Farm. Their first attempt at breeding was spoilt by the great snowstorm of 25 April, when the snow lay nearly two feet thick on the exposed upland. A second clutch of eggs was laid on the bare ground, and this time all went well. During the period of incubation, and for some little time after the eggs were hatched, the birds were mostly to be seen near the same spot. The way of approaching them was soon learnt, and from the shelter of a spreading thorn I could note their ways unperceived, until at length revealing myself the birds would swiftly scuttle away with necks extended over the ground, taking flight only at some distance, when, uttering their wild harsh cry, what Tennyson calls "the great plover's human whistle,"

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they would disappear in the deepening twilight.

After sunset the Stone Curlew leaves his upland haunts, and visits the low-lying meadow in search of food and water. Often in still summer nights his weird note may be heard in the water-meadows, or as he flies overhead in the darkness. As autumn approaches the birds congregate into flocks, old and young together, the latter being easily distinguished by their swollen leg-joints, "like those of a gouty man," as White said, which have earned for the species the name of *Edicnemus* or Thick-knee. These flocks are sometimes put up by sportsmen when out partridge-shooting in September. Gilbert White tells us that after harvest he had shot them before the pointers in turnip-fields. A few years ago I received a specimen from Selborne which had been obtained in similar circumstances. Mr. Dewar mentions having seen a flock of over forty birds in the Hampshire Highlands on 25 September 1897. Still, so shy and wary are the birds that, considering their numbers and wide distribution, they are comparatively seldom seen. The famous Hampshire sportsman, Colonel Peter Hawker, only shot five in fifty years. One of these he mentions in his Diary, under 7 July 1813: "Killed a stone curlew (on my return from waiting for the deer) late at night, by calling it close to me with imitating its whistle."

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

At the moment when Lord Morley is one of the most interesting figures in England, appears the fourth volume of his "Miscellanies" containing seven critical essays, two on the work of Mr. Frederic Harrison; the others on Guicciardini, John Stuart Mill, Mr. Lecky's "Democracy and Liberty," and Mr. Hothouse's "Democracy and Reaction." To speak of the style, the substance, or the spirit of Lord Morley's work is prodigality of words, but howsoever well one may know it and its qualities, it is a pleasure to give the book a cursory examination, and to meet on page after page memorable phrases recording judgment on statesmen, nations, systems of government, policies and conduct, and to gather from them renewed conviction that at least one official personage is prepared for any responsibility which his high place may bring upon him. He who never yields to the temptation to decide matters of theory by expediency rather than by principle is not likely to fall victim to it in settling actual questions. This is the last of the four volumes of miscellanies included in the Eversley Series of fourteen, making the author's collected works, exclusive of the great "Life" of Gladstone, a noteworthy life work. The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Hamilton W. Mable's "Stories New and Old, American and English" contain ten tales perfectly representing American fugitive literature from 1820, and British literature from a somewhat later point: "Peter Rugg," "Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions," "Rab and his Friends," "Ethan Brand," "The Pit and the Pendulum," "Will o' the Mill," "The Marquis Jeanne Hyacinth de St. Palaye," "Quite So," "King Solomon of Kentucky" and "The Game and the

Nation." The inference, partly drawn from the preponderance of American stories; partly from the arrangement, partly from the restatement of the opinion of Mr. Brander Matthews that the early perfection of the short stories of Poe accounts for the extraordinary production of short stories in this country, is that the true short story originated in America, and that Poe and Hawthorne were the first to tell it correctly. The validity of the inference might be disputed considering the comparative age of Blackwood's and the magazines in which the work of Poe and Hawthorne appeared, but the value of this collection is at once apparent. Poe, Dickens, Hawthorne, Shorthouse, Aldrich, Stevenson, Dr. Brown, Mr. James Lane Allen and Mr. Wister make a rare company. Mr. Mable has given each author a fitting introduction and has written a general introduction. The Macmillan Co.

It is greatly to be hoped that somewhere in this troublous world there are children sufficiently clever to understand and enjoy the delicate humor of Mr. Vernon L. Kellogg's "Insect Stories," but inasmuch as their existence in large numbers is extremely doubtful, and inasmuch as it is wicked to let good things be wasted, it is the duty of elder folk and even of elderly folk to fall upon the book and devour it. It is not very big, and Miss Mary Wellman, Miss Maud Lanktree, and Mr. Sekko Shimada occupy some of its pages with pictures of wasps, and ants, and spiders, and ant-lions, bees and dragon flies, and other creatures who flourish in the text, and the reader will come all too soon to "The end of this rambling, talky little book," as the author words it. He and "Mary," a

dream child as elusive as those who were "not the children of Alice" live in California and became acquainted while Mary was "collecting tarantula holes," and proceeded to emulate the wasp-watching Peckhams, and later they watched the scale insect, hated of all Californians, and the lady-bird beetle which has been imported from Australia to kill it, and they watched a small spider until she died. For the stories in which he tells of these things Mr. Kellogg has invented fascinating titles. "Red and Black Against White," and "Arglopie of the Silver Shield" are two of them. Henry Holt & Co.

"The Cradle of the Deep," which Sir Frederick Treves describes, is the West Indies, the nursery of the British Navy, and if the reader cannot furnish the necessary material to complete the figure, Sir Frederick will not aid him, but will away to find something curious and interesting. He shakes the mud of London, "sour chocolate colored mud," from his neat boots and is off to Barbados; he is as happy as a school-boy on a holiday, and as much troubled to verify his references and allusions, and after all it matters little, for he tells his good stories of the past and present with spirit, and he makes everything as vivid to the reader as it is to himself. In spite of the endless columns and pages that every one has read concerning the disasters at St. Pierre and at Kingston, his chapters of haphazard impression, gathered from men who described them from their very souls, kindle a new horror and terror in the imagination; his light scornful account of Kidd, the "trusty and well-beloved" of Dutch William is as fresh as if Kidd were a Boston bandit of yesterday. The pirates are grim and ugly, the buccaneers grim and remorseless; in four paragraphs he makes the black insur-

rection at St. Joseph in 1837 a nightmare vision, and less suffices to give it a companion in the dungeons under the citadel of Puerto Rico; he makes one see the "great auction of the universe," when Rodney held a sale of goods worth four million sterling, and one is willing that he should call his book anything that he likes if he will but make it very long. It does contain some 375 good pages, and many excellent photographs, but would that it were bigger! E. P. Dutton & Co.

In writing his "Lord Kelvin," Professor Andrew Gray made choice between working for the extremely small circle needing no explanation of subjects upon which he must touch, and, addressing himself to the vast number of truth lovers to whom the famous name was dimly inspiring, bringing nebulous visions of a great light afar off, fed by devoted, untiring labor, and now and then flashing into a brilliancy of revelation, and he chose the latter group, and devoted some pages to definition of terms and explanation of hypotheses. To those who read a biography merely to set another figure in the museum of their memories he paid no thought at all, and those persons must wait until this "account of scientific life and work," as he calls it, is followed by a real biography, and meanwhile, the other two classes will find great pleasure in the volume. Lord Kelvin's period of active scientific work included nearly all the great discoveries in electricity, and there was hardly a species of the great scientific family called physics in which he had not seen mutations that were transformations, and to read the tale is to gather vast respect for the tireless workers who are really the great powers of the world, controlling commerce, war, politics, and ever adding to the stores of truth. Professor Gray has revealed enough of Lord Kelvin's per-

sonal traits to make him real, but adheres to his plan of making his work the true subject of the book, and one feels one sees no more than Lord Kelvin would have been willing to disclose and it is not often that one can rejoice in a similar assurance. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Col. C. R. Conder's, "The Rise of Man," although a volume of less than four hundred pages, is a generalized history of the human race, up to the present moment, sketching its physical, social, and religious development, and slightly indicating the glory of its possible future, estimated by the forces of which the existence is at present manifest. Naturally, in such a piece of work many things must be taken for granted, for even while its author writes special discoveries may mar the validity of certain chains of reasoning, and its permanence is doubtful; still, the unprofessional reader will find that it gives him an excellent vantage-point whence to survey the past, to estimate the sum and accuracy of his knowledge, and to perceive wherein it needs the re-inforcement of deeper or wider study. The two introductory chapters may have this effect, and the four given to "Early Man" are even more fertile in suggestion. "Civilization" is rather conventionally considered under the heads ancient, mediæval, and modern, and the ten chapters of "Historic Religions" deal with some which until very lately would have been regarded as conjectural. In the two remaining chapters the history of the Hebrew and Christian faiths is given, and a few pages of "Conclusions" summarize the whole. The motto of the book, the familiar stanza from "In Memoriam," ending

"— one far-off, divine event
To which the whole creation moves."

prepares the reader for the triumphant tone of these "Conclusions"; this is a Christian book, finding nothing incompatible in science and Christianity, and expecting glorious things of a future proceeding from a past in which the best things have come from Christianity, and it justifies its author's reputation as a Christian soldier. E. P. Dutton & Co.

"Myrtle Baldwin," Mr. Charles Clark Munn's new story, is such a tale of a poor and friendless girl gradually advanced to good fortune as he is fond of writing, but this girl's early life is novel, and her experience in the endeavor to earn her own living is related with evident knowledge and without sentimental exaggeration. The hero, the architect of his own fortunes, finding Myrtle in her poorest estate, attempts to place her in better surroundings, flattering himself that his motive is purely benevolent. When his plans miscarry, and the girl disappears, he discovers that in reality he loves her, but froward chance separates the two until the girl has undergone some woful experiences and the man is well-nigh discouraged. But Mr. Munn never leaves his heroines unhappy, and this one is last seen in high content with fair prospects before her and all her secret heart's desires gratified. Myrtle and her little circle of hard-working friends make a picture to rejoice the heart of all self-supporting women, set as so many of them are between the greedy employer, and the egregiously ignorant "philanthropist" making them conspicuous by blundering assertions as to their needs and condition. In their behavior may be read the answer to many a vexed question, and "Myrtle Baldwin" should have a place in all the "settlement" libraries, for girls. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

